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THE NATION'S POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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PANSY'S PET DUDE.

HOW A NEW YORK GIRL'S DEVOTED ADORER DEMONSTRATED THE DEPTH AND FERVENCY OF HIS DEVOTION AND TREATED BROADWAY TO AN EDIFYING EXHIBITION.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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THIS WEEK!!
COMMENCES IN THE POLICE GAZETTE,
OTHER FELLOWS' WIVES

AND
OTHER GIRLS' HUSBANDS.
The Richest, Rarest, and Raciest Scandals of
Fast Parisian Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"Paris by Gaslight," "Mabelle Unmasked," "The Prettiest Woman in Paris," "Paris Inside Out," etc., etc.

DON'T MISS IT!
It Will Make Your Hair Curl!

BROOKLYN has just celebrated Beecher's seventieth birthday; but no one says anything about Tilton's or Elizabeth's. The moral city isn't, surely, going to leave two of its most famous celebrities out in the cold. We can't believe it.

Not to be left out in the cold, the Salvation Army has developed a first class religious seduction case in its ranks. The army is bound to have all the modern improvements in religion as well as the churches. No exhorter is complete without it, it seems.

THERE'S one thing we remark with malicious delight. The coaching club snobs have tumbled to themselves. The "common people" and the circus men made them ridiculous with their tally-ho airs and tooting horns. Aristocracy has a bad time of it in America, and we're glad of it.

THE Leland's have taken charge of Brighton Hotel at Coney Island. They have begun with their usual advertising dodge—setting up the beers for a gang of reporters and pretended members of the press. They find this so much cheaper than paying for the "ad" so much per line. It's about time this game were dropped to.

THE visit of Oscar Wilde to this country has had a deep effect, which is just beginning to manifest itself. For instance, the idea of putting our letter carriers in knee breeches. That idea can be traced directly to the aesthete, but is all blasted nonsense, nevertheless. In making the carriers show their legs the fustils at the head of the postal department are showing the cloven hoof themselves.

THE bunco man of the period has indeed a nerve. A couple of them went for Gen. Phil. Sheridan the other day and had worked their romance on him with surprising skill up to the very point where he was expected to lose his head and part with his wealth. At that point he came to himself and made some choice remarks that stampeded the crooked strategists with a rush. Is there anything these smart knaves will not undertake in their line?

CONEY ISLAND has degenerated into a mere trap for rusties. As a resort for Gothamites it is decidedly at a discount. The favorite beaches have disappeared, the old iron pier has been left two-thirds inland by the accumulation of sand banks during the winter, the music is no longer first-class, and the catchpenny swindles at every turn disgust the tasteful visitor. It has deteriorated to a snide quality all through. The only notable person giving tone to the place now is Langtry, and we all know what her quality amounts to. She fixes the social status, and the dead horses along the beach give a suitable flavor to the whole place for the rest.

"OTHER FELLOWS' WIVES" in Paris are about the same as elsewhere in the world, and other girls' husbands don't differ much. For further particulars see the POLICE GAZETTE this week.

THOSE amateur yachtsmen are growing a holy terror on the waters about New York. Give them a sailing vessel and they upset her on the placid surface of the bay at the first puff of wind. Start them out in a steam yacht and they take to running down ferryboats in the rivers and raising a devil of a sensation generally. If this goes on we'll have to deprive these nautical dudes of their dangerous toys by legal enactment. Public safety may require it.

"OUR friends and cousins, the English," as the snob-gushers delight to qualify the arrogant Britons, are manifesting their friendship for us by unloading all their aged paupers on us. It was bad enough when they sent over their soiled and morally ill-flavored actresses, but when they begin sending the inmates of their poorhouses for us to support, we think even the gushers will say that is going a little too far with their friendship.

THE West begins to boast of its musical taste, and all the boodle men of the wild regions are thinking of establishing musical colleges. An idea! Why not educate the Apache bucks and squaws as tenors and comic opera *prime donne*? They have all the moral qualities already. That's the way out of the Indian difficulty. Such an enterprise couldn't fail, for the West that has borne with Emma Abbott and E. P. Castle is prepared to stand anything in the musical line.

THE residents of quiet hamlets along the Hudson river have organized for war against the New York picnic parties. All the romantic spots within reach of the city by excursion steamer are being fortified against the raids of the roughs. Who can blame the dwellers in sylvan shades? They make their abode in sequestered nooks to find rest after a week of toil in the city, and find their Arcadia transformed into a howling hell every Sunday by hordes of Gotham's rowdies. Who wouldn't fight under the circumstances?

THE wives of the West are still holding their prominence in the sensational crimes of the period. The other night an Indianapolis Benedict went home at a late hour in a vinous condition, and mistaking his bedroom window for his bed, was humored in the delusion by his better half who, when he had perched himself on the sill, gave him a push that sent him out and scattered "hubby" all over the sidewalk so profusely that he had to be swept up and shoved into a box before the coroner could sit on him. Under these circumstances is it any wonder that the retail whiskey trade has suddenly fallen off, or that husbands are actually afraid to get drunk for fear of waking up at the foot of the golden stairs with nary a cocktail to be had? Talk about your temperance lectures and pledges! They're as nothing to the efforts of one resolute woman with a kindly disposition to humor the whim of a fellow when he's full.

CONEY ISLAND bristles with bagnios into which foolish beer-swilling young women are lured to their ruin. It seems to be the business of no one to repress the favored harpies who run these places and grow rich on their villany. Long Branch, too, is similarly equipped, the main establishment of this sort being located near the West End Hotel. The youngest and prettiest female servants engaged in the hotels are trapped in these dens by the foul creatures who run them. The attempt of a young servant to commit suicide in the surf at the Branch the other day occasioned a partial exposure of this iniquity, but the girl's wrongs excited only a passing interest, and then it was all hushed up by the gagging power of much money. There is no use in talking. Vice with money at its back can double discount virtue any time—especially at the seaside.

WONDERS will surely never cease. There's that case in Glen City, Pa., for instance. Old Elmer Snyder, a wealthy farmer, whose son ran away from home fifteen years ago, receives a visit from a handsome young man who claims to be the prodigal returned. The old man takes him in, kills the fatted calf, and for a week holds high revel with his neighbors over the return of his hopeful offspring. He wakes up one night bound and gagged in his bed, and sees the prodigal cleaning out the safe and scooping in all his spare cash, amounting to thousands of dollars. The fellow proves to be a noted thief and, not the old man's offspring at all, laughs in his face at the deception he has so profitably practiced. The old deacon is now ready, probably, to acknowledge that Biblical heroes don't repeat themselves, and that these times are more "fly" than those of the prophets. Truth, nowadays, does indeed lay away over fiction; for if any dramatist were to introduce this true incident into the effects of his melodrama the critics would condemn it for its glaring improbability. A wise child is it that knows its own father? True; but it's a wiser Pennsylvania father who knows his own son. Ask Snyder.

WE warn the rusties who venture a visit to Coney Island that their pocketbooks are in danger. At the Manhattan, especially, they will find the waiters impertinent, lazy and dishonest. If they are provided with small money to make up the exact amount of their bills they will be subjected to only the proprietor's extortion. If they entrust a note of large denomination to the waiter it is no sure thing they will ever see him or the change. It is wonderful that this thievery of the menials has been allowed to go on so long with the extortion of their employers, but so it is.

PROF. WRIGHT, of Berlin, is worrying his brains in theorizing over an alleged glacial era on this continent. He calculates its period ages back. But the Professor is away off. We've got it down finer. The glacial era is now—just at this present time—as is abundantly proved by the general prevalence of cool cheek on every side. The savant must be blind and lacking in other senses, to go groping around among the fossils of the past for proofs of congelation, when the social and moral frigidity of cheek all around him is sufficient (paraphrasing politely) to freeze the limbs off a brass monkey.

NOW when a Brooklyn man gets fired out of church instead of settling down among the herd of sinners and consenting to be a man damned, he rushes off to court and mandamuses the church. Then after a little damning and much other bad language all around, the church takes water and invites the "dear brother" back into the fold to avoid the give-away of Christian processes threatened in the imminent court proceedings. "There's something rotten in Denmark," we tell you, when holy men, and angels in the germ, manifest such a cowardly and secretive spirit as this.

WASSON, the army paymaster, explained the \$20,000 shortage in his accounts by the fact that he had engaged in a little game of poker with a party of Galveston gentlemen. The military authorities went for these gentlemen, and as several of them are members of the Church they came down handsomely to avoid exposure. This is a fine chance for army men to blackmail if they feel like it. Indeed it is said that one man who won only \$200 from the paymaster has been forced to give up, so far, a thousand dollars. It strikes us that there is likely to be a crookedness growing out of this restitution racket that may exceed Wasson's original sin.

THE Philadelphia doctor in whose cellar twenty-one skeletons of murdered patients were found a couple of weeks ago was, of course, a member of the Church in high standing, and used to pray louder than the rest at the prayer meetings. Give us the tough, but honest sports, we repeat, in preference to these truly good religious people. We don't take kindly to them, and we are not willing to put up with such little eccentricities of holiness as this murdering of women and babies between prayers. We acknowledge to unholy prejudices against the holy hypocrites and their public professions as well as their secret practices. It may be very wicked and unrefined and unfashionable, but there we stand, right outside of the church door, and refuse to go in on the ground that the company is not good enough for us.

HA! ha! What troubles and trials the self-constituted aristocrats of New York do encounter in trying to establish barriers of nobility in New York society! What tumbles and humiliations they do experience! It is so hard to say who are the "common people" and who are the aristocrats! They get so mixed as the gambling for wealth in Wall street and elsewhere progresses. The only real claim the "first society" has to aristocracy is the possession of a big "boodle." It's a pity all money making couldn't have been stopped after the few "aristocratic" families made their money. But as the original Astor made his fortune by peddling, so there will be peddlers in every decade who bring themselves up to the monetary level of their "aristocracy." Thus the Vanderbilts tracing back their noble lineage to the deck hand of a steamboat must be admitted to the inner circle, however great the "kick" of the "noble" classes. The fishmongers, the tape sellers, the Yankee notions men all have a chance to establish their children as the *crème de la crème*, and there is no help for it in this free and easy country. And now, worse than all, there are two millionaire cooks in Gotham whose offspring are about to enter society, and who have so much money at command that there is no keeping them out. Too bad, isn't it? We really don't know what the old stock "aristocracy" are to do unless it be to emigrate to Europe and buy admission to titled circles. Purchasing noble but impecunious husbands for their daughters and bringing them over here to mingle in a society that is composed of blue blooded cooks and airy descendants of the new crop of peddlers, will not do. Too bad! Too bad!

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit,
Culled from Many Sources.

GIRLS we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.

"CRUSHED strawberry" is a delightful hue for the nose, but it is very expensive.

At last a woman has been sunstruck while shopping. (Cut this out and paste it in your wife's hat.)

THE man who asserts that there was a place for everything probably never was called on to locate a boil.

It may not be etiquette that compels him to do so, but a man usually takes his hat off in the presence of his barber.

"My dear, I found these stockings lying across the parlor chair." She: "You goose! Those are my new thread gloves."

ABSTAINING from food it is said will cure rheumatism. Suicide may also be highly recommended as a remedy for the gout.

If your colleges would make it a rule that girls should be embraced in their classes, there would be a more satisfactory attendance of male students.

"WHY are these flats called French flats?" "To distinguish them from American flats." "What are American flats?" "The people that live in French flats."

"INVESTIGATOR" wants to know what is good for cabbage worm. Bless your heart, man, cabbage, of course. A good plump cabbage will last several worms a week.

A CHICAGO girl imagines herself to be an angel. This illusion will be dispelled the moment she attempts to fly. There must necessarily be a transmigration of souls before a Chicago girl can flutter like a seraph.

THE dudine, after critically examining the magnificent proportions of the dude, timidly remarked "George, darling, if I am going to wear the breeches after we get married, you will have to get them made larger than that."

"IN England," says a recent writer, "the people are more decorous in church than Americans. People are silent there until they get out of church." That is, they do their sleeping in the pews and their snoring when they get out doors.

JUST because an undertaker's son began courting his daughter a Philadelphia doctor lost all his patients. The latter were afraid that the new arrangement would compel him to throw business into the hands of the parent of his daughter's lover.

"YES," said the liquor seller, "Jim is a very popular bartender; very popular, indeed, but I shall discharge him. He always turns his back on a customer when the latter's pouring out a drink, when a look of surprise will stop a man when the glass is half full."

A SOCIETY paper says: "On Fifth avenue lives a lady who drives out every afternoon in a bonnet trimmed with clusters of tiny green apples." It is a decidedly strange freak of fashion, that of utilizing a bonnet as a phaeton and driving out in it—though some of the bonnets worn at theaters are plenty large enough for such purposes.

"A LITTLE more animated, my dear," whispered Lady B—, to the gentle Susan, who was walking through the quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the prudent nymph. "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

STUDENTS, after a sumptuous repast, to host—"Our compliments to your kitchen and cellar. We have agreed to have a running match and the one who comes out last will pay the bill. Will you kindly give us the signal to start?" The beaming host slowly counts, "One, two, three"; the students disappear round the corner and are seen no more.

TWO young ladies reached a ditch too wide to be jumped. Asked assistance of a boy. Boy yelled "snakes." Ladies leaped across at a bound. Condensed Extract. Had the boy yelled "rats" the ladies would be standing on the same side of the ditch yet, holding frantically to their dresses, and trying to climb up into the atmosphere.

A MEDICAL journal tells about a young man in Vermont whose brains have dried up until they rattle like shot in a gourd every time he shakes his head. Since his case has been made public he has received more than fifty offers of a position as clerk at a seaside hotel. But his friends hardly think him suited to the position as long as he has enough brains to rattle.

THE man that runs an auction,
And watches for a nod,
Must either be near-sighted,
Or else he's very odd.

For when you bid on something
He smiles with sweet content,
And thinks you nod a dollar
When you only nod assent.

A VIGILANT sentinel is posted at the door of a picture gallery with strict orders of the customary character. A sightseer happens along and is promptly halted. "Here, sir, you must leave your cane at the door." "But, my friend, I haven't got any cane." "Then go back and get one. No one is allowed to pass in here unless he leaves his cane at the door. Orders is orders."

OSCAR WILDE is in favor of giving one's wife a name aesthetically suggestive of her husband's business. A good plan. A chemist's wife would be then Ann Eliza; a furniture dealer's, Sophia, a farmer's, Tilly; a fisherman's, Nettie; a tonsorial artist's, Barbara; a pawnbroker's, Jewlia; a burglar's, Kitty; an attorney's, Law ra; a barkeeper's, Gin-evra and an editor's, Rita.

A CRIPPLED man stopped a Philadelphia lawyer on the street the other day and begged for alms. "Won't you please give a poor man with a wife and a large family something to keep them from starving?" For a wonder the lawyer's heart was touched. "My poor fellow," he said, "I feel for you. I haven't any change to give you, but I tell you what I will do: if you want a divorce I'll only charge you half rates."

STAGE WHISPERS.

Some Unpleasant Reminiscences for
"Mashing" Fakes.The Cruel Sacrifice of Child Actresses
and Baby Stars to the Remorseless
Moloch of Gain.

THE fall season will begin with two or three wrangles, in which the lawyers will take part. The most noticeable of these rows will be that ensuing from the attempt of Stetson and Shook & Collier to play the same English drama, "Storm-Beaten," at their respective theatres.

THE moral press keeps on inventing piquante and romantic lies about a levanted serio-comic, late of the variety stage, with the plain design of advertising her into noisome yet profitable notoriety. We are not in that dirty business, and besides we report only facts—so the queer talent scans our columns in vain for advertising scandals of that sort.

THE dark spirit of prophecy is on us again. Mark our word, the next to tumble will be Henry E. Abbey. He will have a fall similar to that of Col. Jack Haverly, "only more so." There is at least something left of the Colonel, but when Abbey comes down no vestige will remain. The birds of prey had better make quick work now, for there will be no spoil for them when the climax comes.

Now that Campanini has left him, Mapleson discovers that "he only ranks with hundreds of church choir howlers," and gets Sir Julius Benedict to say so to the newspaper men for back capping use in this country. What do they take us for—that old "stuff," the operatic Colonel, and that ennobled but "bum" bandmaster, Sir Julius? We know what good singing is, and if Campanini is a church choir howler we want more of his sort. Such talk as that to the American public is an insult of the broadest kind.

BOUCICAULT is in hard luck, indeed, and still he insists on keeping the field. He will travel next season, but will find renewed evidences everywhere that he and his style of drama are dead, and that he has lost his grip. We told him this half a year ago, and if he had heeded our warning he would have been money in pocket. The public is too highly educated and generally enlightened now to take kindly to the French plays he niches and doctors up into Irish dramas. It won't work, Dion. You're dead. Why don't you act like a decent corpse.

GEORGE EDGAR will open with his Shakespearean company at Chicago the third week in August. He evidently intends to raid the domain of Tom Keene in the Far West, and thus boldly begins the campaign by marching right into one of the enemy's strongholds. We have no doubt it will be nip and tuck between Tom and George for the palm of tragic popularity during next season. It required something more lusty and healthful than "genial John" McCullough or snarling Larry Brannigan to tussle with Keene on his own ground. Edgar is the Thespian champion who is capable of giving him a lively round.

WHEN a man is stage-struck nowadays he dare do anything. He knows our public is long suffering and patient and will stand anything, so he puts it to them strong. A case in point is an awful experimental performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Academy of Music of June 26, with a flute-player named Carrano as *Romeo* and Louise Muldener, a mediocre German actress, as *Juliet*. An attempt was made to cover and excuse the villainous slaughter of Shakespeare by introducing the *Romeo and Juliet* Symphony of Berlioz. Ridiculous! As if Shakespeare's divine harmonies of thought required or could tolerate the scraping of fiddles and the clangor of resounding brass! Bah! There ought to be a law against such vandalism as this! Did we witness the performance? Not much. What do you take us for?

ON June 18, in New York, another talented child actress was buried with much theatrical show. This was Little Edna Bankson, an eight-year-old child who had been carried over the dramatic routes all the winter, suffering all sorts of discomforts that she might earn a large salary as an actress for the parents who hired her out and grasped the money. This sacrifice of infants on the stage by heartless parents should be stopped by the iron hand of the law. The public does not require that the innocents should be slaughtered to make them a holiday. The same day that this last dramatic victim was buried there appeared in the dramatic columns of a morning paper an advertisement calling for "A fat, healthy, good natured baby that can be kept awake nights, to appear in a new drama." Isn't this outrageous?

ON June 21, at Indianapolis, Ind., Jeremiah Cavanaugh, a kind of an actor, got a divorce from his wife Emeline by proving that she is living in adultery with a saloon keeper of Cairo, Ill. The next day, however, Judge Walker, of Indianapolis, made the discovery that Cavanaugh was living in adultery with Georgie Kaine, a variety serio-comic. On proof of this fact the judge annulled the divorce, and the officers of the law went out to hunt the actor to punish him for his hypocrisy. Georgie Kaine is well known in New York. She was taught music by a talented young composer and poet named Connolly. She was in humble circumstances, but he was "mashed," and eased her way to popularity. His popular song, "The Dreamy Waltz," which was written for and sung by her exclusively, had much to do with her popularity. They were married, but as she began to feel her footing on the stage secure and her income growing she began to sour on Connolly, and the pair separated, she kicking over the ladder by which she had been enabled to reach her position, such as it is.

THE airs of Christine Nilsson are growing sickening. She is humored in her arrogance by an assinine public of dudes, who will persist in boosting her up to a high pedestal, where she does not belong and where she has no right. The truth is, she has lost the best qualities of her voice, and her operatic repertoire is restricted so closely in consequence that, as an artist of the lyric drama, she has next to no standing at all. As a ballad singer, even, she is over rated by the ignoramus of the public, and she knows it, but is cunning enough to assume airs on the strength of the flattery given her. This person can command a greater salary

than even Gerster and is considered a more desirable operatic acquisition. Great Scott! Just think of it. Nilsson has no voice—only name and puffery. Gerster is in no sense a humbug, but wins her footing by solid artistic attainments. By right and merit it should be Gerster who should be pitted against Patti next season. Of the two, indeed we are bold and honest enough to say we prefer Gerster for the mere qualities of voice and musical technique. Patti is the better actress, but we deny that she is the better singer. Nilsson, though, can't "hold a candle" to the little diva, and when Abbey proposes to offset her with the awkward Swede, he only manifests his musical ignorance and his managerial incapacity.

THERE'S going to be a row in the Holy Madison Square theatre. And Miss Belle Jackson, one of the freshest of the stars discovered by the Parson, is going to make it. You see, the young lady has been playing for a whole season a girlish part, which just suits her. That is to say, it is really her own part—a romantic, gushing, visionary girl—and she has had no trouble in giving it character. Now, though, it is proposed to put her in quite a different line—in the role of a more worldly young person. The manager overheard Miss Belle boasting in the dressing rooms one night that she never wore corsets, because they "prevented her brain and soul soaring" and hindered her study. The command was delicately conveyed to her through the costumer's female assistant that in the new play she must wear corsets, in order to appear like the fashionable character she is to assume. She declined indignantly on the "soaring" theory, and there the matter stands with a devil of a row looming up in the near future. Imagine Fred. Marsden's horror when he comes forward to rehearse his new play and finds that corsets are ruled out. The vanity of the novices who are brought forward by the Malloys is astounding, but it is rare they learn so early to cross the manager by way of proving the possession of great artistic qualities. Miss Jackson's corset question is a new point of annoyance worthy of a veteran of the stage for the amount of annoyance and trouble it is capable of occasioning.

A STUFFY, gushy, soft headed dramatic critic writes as an item of news, "Those who remember Lina Edwin will be sorry to learn that she has lately been stricken with paralysis while playing in the melodrama 'Mankind,' in Australia." Those who remember her, eh? Wonder who would take the trouble to remember her now! Does George Clarke? We rather guess not, since he has got into the religious dramatic circles of the Rev. Mallory. No one remembers her here in New York, or at least no one will acknowledge the old acquaintance. Yet it's only twelve years ago that she was a great favorite with the dramatic agents and certain "mashing" actors. She was a somewhat silly young woman who used to scribble for the papers, and who thought she was born to be a great actress. She came from Down East somewhere, and brought with her a little fortune of \$30,000 left her by a relative. With this she established a theatre in New York, and to please an actor with whom she had fallen in love. He helped her to spend the entire sum in one season, and then when her money had gone, threw her off. She has been lost to the sight of Gothamites ever since, and we have no doubt our present allusion to her has awakened much indignation among the disreputable fakes who founded their fortunes on the money of silly Lina. We know it is impolite to stir up these things, but then one cannot be truthful and polite at the same time when dealing with this mashing class of actors who are not above living on women. It is a marvel how some of these fellows can hold up their heads and brazenly sniff the footlights in view of the public when the telegraph is reviving the memories of their victim.

ABOUT this Actors' Fund—Who examines the accounts of Mr. Dan Frohman and Mr. Aaron Appleton? Shouldn't there be some inquiry made? Hasn't the whole profession an interest in the fund? Not much. The first thing done by the half dozen managers who got the money into their clutches was to adopt a bylaw that no actor could benefit by or have anything to say about the fund unless he joined and paid annual dues. When a penniless old actor applied for relief a week ago he was told by this Appleton, who is not an actor, that as he had been incapacitated from playing for five years the directors of the fund scarcely considered him an actor any longer. And yet this veteran never had any other profession or employment, and played in his time with Forrest, John R. Scott, and the best of our American actors. This was a fine answer to be given by this arrogant ticket seller, who knows nothing of actors or the stage. And when the actor appealed to Wallace and Palmer he was ruled out on the ground that he had paid no dues to the fund. So, it was for this purpose the public contributed its money—to make a close corporation of half a dozen managers, and provide snug clerical positions, at good salaries, for outsiders like Frohman and Appleton. It is well to know this before the next fund benefit is proposed. And another thing; in accounting indefinitely for expenditures, this Appleton states that many English actors were relieved last winter, and were sent back to England in the first cabin at the expense of the fund. Had these foreign actors paid yearly dues to the fund? No; but they were foreigners, and foreigners have more chance with the Jews and toddlers of the directorate than native veterans of our boards. The way the Jews are handling this boodle is brazen faced indeed, and argues abnormal gall on the part of the insincere mob who have clutched the actors' money, and arrogantly constituted themselves its custodians. Has no one in the profession the pluck to come out and demand some accounting from these Hebrew money changers and their managerial backers?

THEY'RE making a pretty mess of it at the Union Square theatre to begin with. We said when we heard an actor-manager read in private one act of "The Thunderbolt" melodrama by the poet laureate of Canada, that the atmosphere in this vicinity was going to attain (even in summer) enough frigidity to insure the blue nose poet's getting "left." But we didn't think that the thing was going to be such a dire failure as it has proved. The Union Square theatre has had prestige enough heretofore to bring in sufficient money to at least pay salaries, summer or winter, no matter how bad the play. This time, though, the public, in accord with the POLICE GAZETTE's radical judgment, has gone back on the play and the house from the night after the opening performance. The result was that salaries were not paid, and after the ghost had failed to walk for three whole weeks the members of the company began to attach the "props" for their salaries. The comedian

has levied on one of the heavy set scenes, the walking gentleman has clutched the manuscript, the walking lady has her grip on the cue music, and there is a general scramble to secure more or less profitable scraps from the wreck. The Union Square is acquiring a bad reputation among the summer speculators. Disaster of the most complete and sensational sort is surely invoked when you put up money and try to float a new piece there during the summer months. Last summer it was "The Living Ace;" this, it is "The Thunderbolt." If managers had any culture or literary judgment we might manifest astonishment that they should think of putting on either of these pieces after reading them once, and having the book of their ridiculous effects and threadbare stunts of argument laid bare; but the managers of our theatres are not overstocked with brains. You can enforce logic on them only with a club. They know only what they see and feel, so they have been made to see stars by the indignant public, and thus early in the summer are generally ready to retire "all broke up."

It seems to us that John Stetson is getting the bulge in New York theatricals. The people he has engaged to carry out his stock company theory at the Fifth Avenue theatre next season is undoubtedly a better organization, on the ground of pure talent, than any of the theatres can boast. Wallace's and the Union Square company aren't a marker to the Stetson organization. It is a pity, though, that John's liberality and cunning forethought are to be wasted in such a dismal, luckless house as the Fifth Avenue theatre. No one ever had any luck in the place, or ever made a dollar in it. The first week it was opened, when Daly had the management, one of the mirrors set in the walls of the balcony was shattered in pieces with a loud report, and from no apparent cause. This circumstance set the entire superstitious profession against the theatre. The breaking of a mirror under any circumstances would, according to their traditions, brand the house with bad luck, but when to the breakage was added the mystic element of unknown cause, then the place was "hoodooed" indeed. Daly went all to pieces, and hasn't recovered yet, and every manager who followed him got badly singed. It remains to be seen if Stetson's fate will justify the superstition still further. The Gliseys, who own this property, have agreed to furnish up the house and put in an orchestra circle to make the ground floor seats desirable, which they never have been heretofore. But all this will be useless. If they were not too mean they might make the house very desirable and profitable by a simpler means. They might clear out one of their Broadway stores and make it a new entrance to the theatre from the grand thoroughfare. This would drive away the superstitious shadows of ill-luck, and make the theatre pay as well as any of the Broadway houses. But they will not sacrifice the rent of the store and therefore their theatre property will continue to languish under the ban of the dramatic bugle man.

At last McKee Rankin has got what he has long coveted—the position of leading man in the Union Square company. He was engaged in that theatre during its second and third seasons and was always jealous of Thorne's precedence. There was a healthful rivalry between them when the "Wicked World" was produced, in which play they had equal parts. We always considered that Rankin manifested a most unparalleled "gall" in setting himself up as an artistic equal and rival of Thorne, but in the light of after events we are satisfied he only did himself justice in keeping his own end up and refusing to take a secondary position at the behest of the cunning and remorseless money-grabber—the Sphinx, who ran the theatre on the principle of sacrificing everybody to the benefit of his house and himself. Rankin has the managers where the capillary growth is short, and has not failed to make the most of his advantageous position. He has asked and obtained \$500 a week to begin with. Thorne began at \$150, and in ten years ran it up to \$350 a week, the last figures being the weekly amount of his salary last season. That Rankin, an inferior actor, can step into his shoes and get a cool hundred and fifty dollars a week over that amount is, to say the least of it, remarkable. There must, indeed, be a great dearth of leading men when after their agents have ransacked Europe for one the managers have to crawl to the home-made article and secure it by offering a doubled salary on a golden salver. But we can't blame Rankin for valuing himself high. The supply of his quality of actor must be greatly inadequate to the demand or these terms would not be acceded to. The plain unvarnished truth of the matter is that the dramatic climax so long predicted by us in these columns is at last at hand. We have had no school of the drama for 20 years. There has been no climbing from the bottom to the top of the ladder from the lowest positions in the stock. There has been no stock, indeed. Even the lines of business have been abandoned. Actors have started at the top of the tree, learning to play only one part, and thereafter playing every other part in exactly the same way. So it is that we find our ourselves in a sad predicament now when there is talk of reverting to the old stock company style of theatre season in the metropolis. There is scarcely an actor among the new comers of two decades who can fence, or carry himself gracefully in the shape dresses of the old school melodrama—"the cloak and dagger school" of the French stage, which is being revived on our boards. Rankin knows all lines of business, and is a carefully educated, thoroughly experienced actor, both of the solid old school, and of the so-called new school, which is no school at all. The Madison Square theatre has absorbed two of this sort—Joseph Wheelock and George Clarke—and when the Union Square management cast their eyes about them they could find no one but Rankin competent to fill the bill. Of course, knowing the strength of his position, he made his own terms. He would have been very foolish to have accepted Thorne's salary, and we are not quite sure but that he made a mistake in not demanding another hundred. He could have got \$600 as readily as \$500. They had to pay whatever he asked and stuck to it. So, in the light of these facts, we are not quite sure but that Mr. Rankin deserves the thanks of Shook for having let him off so cheaply at the rate of \$500 a week, under the circumstances. This is the position of artistic poverty that the stage has been brought to in twenty years by the reforming theories of Sophomore Daly and that stary-eyed, lack lustre nonentity, Palmer. A pretty kettle of fish they have made of it for poor Thespis!

The amours and adventures of "Other Girls' Husbands" with "Other Fellows' Wives" ought to make a lively book as any one will admit. Just how lively the POLICE GAZETTE commences to show this week.

FIGHTING PARSONS.

Two Rival Congregations Have a Desperate Sunday
Scrimmage in a Church.

The Congregationalists of Hartford, Conn., under the leadership of Rev. Dr. Parker, have long coveted the South Baptist church, which has been presided over by Rev. Mr. Everts. Failing to get control by the strategy of voting early and often, the Congregational forces determined lately to take the edifice by force, claiming that it belonged to them as they had a majority of its owners among their new converts. The Baptists, however, held the fort, and laughed in the faces of their dear brethren in the most aggravating style.

Dr. Parker, who is said to be frequently inspired by a fanatical frenzy, conceived the idea that it was his duty to baptize 20 young children at the church in Congregational style. He accordingly persuaded a great many of his parishioners that this was the proper religious caper, and they loaned him their children for the holy baptismal crusade. It was decided to carry out this scheme at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, June 24. According to a correspondent of the *Morning Journal*, the following ridiculous events ensued:

At the appointed hour a procession was formed to march to the South Baptist church. At the head of the procession was a double quartette, led by a hand organ which had recently been repaired at considerable cost. Besides nearly 200 children in the procession, there were fully that number of adults, men and women, mostly the parents of the children. Arriving at the church, the doors of which were unlocked, the procession entered and took possession.

By this time the sacristan of the South Baptist church had notified his pastor, the Rev. Mr. Everts, who quickly sent the sacristan to notify the deacons of the church. Meanwhile the Rev. Dr. Parker and his crowd had turned on the water, which was rapidly filling the great tank used for baptisms, children were being prepared for receiving the rite, and the Rev. Dr. Parker was excitedly spurring on his followers in what he called a battle for Congregationalism. Presently the Rev. Mr. Everts arrived, followed soon after by his deacons. He protested to Dr. Parker against the outrageous intrusion, but the reverend doctor simply replied that he was determined to finish what he had come to do. The rightful possessors of the church began to pour in, as the news was spreading rapidly. Before the great tank had filled with water the spacious edifice was resounding with inquiries, protestations and recriminations. Langed around the baptistry were the children, whom Dr. Parker had now begun to baptize. The invading party could not be dissuaded, and it became painfully evident that a fierce strife was to take place.

While the elders of the two congregations and the women were making pandemonium of the place, the two ministers carried on a fierce warfare of words between themselves, Dr. Parker proceeding all the while with the baptizing of the children, who stood about with blanched faces and forms that shook with fright. Suddenly a struggle between the two sides broke out in dead earnest. An indescribable scrimmage took place. The shrieks of children, the wallings of infants and the imprecations of women mingled with the angry cries of pastors and officers of the contending congregations. Many women fainted, and many had their Sunday clothes almost torn off them. Dr. Parker and Mr. Everts had a terrible struggle. They beat each other and tore each other's hair frightfully, and finally fell into the immense tank firmly grasping each other. The struggle of the two ministers was continued in the baptistry fiercer than ever, and each strove to drown the other.

So busy were the other fighters, they could not observe the accident that happened to their pastors. Policemen could not be found, but a few sober minded men of either parish combined to restore order and eject the fanatical intruders. By this time the fierce fight in the tank was discovered, and some of the peacemakers turned their attention to the struggling pastors. It was found impossible to tear them apart and so they were taken out locked in a fierce embrace and both unconscious. They were finally separated—though they clung to each other with the tenacity of drowning men—and resuscitated. After a little talking to the ministers they were reconciled, and it was a source of rejoicing to the Baptists that Dr. Parker had been completely immersed.

A sad rumor prevailed that several of the young children were drowned in the baptistry, but a careful search of the premises discovered no bodies. That several were not killed in the fearful struggle is a miracle.

BESIEGED BY BANDITS.

Arrogant Desperadoes of Dakota Make Things Hot
for a Foreign Count.

For some time past a famous buffalo hunter of Bismarck, Dakota, has been threatening the life of the Count Demores, who has extensive sheep and cattle ranges in the Territory. The buffalo hunter objected to these ranges on his hunting ground. Hence his proposition to murder the Count.

O'Donnell is leader of a gang of bandits, and on Monday morning, June 25, about 3 o'clock, a number of men under his leadership commenced to fire their revolvers into the Count's house, the hotel and all the buildings in the vicinity.

The sheriff of Morton county was telegraphed to, and arrived on Tuesday with a posse of citizens and friends of Demores, who pursued the bandits and overtook them a mile from the railroad. In the fight which ensued one of the mob named Riley was killed, and two others of the desperadoes, Frank O'Donnell and a man named Wannan, were captured. A wild excitement prevailed among the citizens and it was only with greatest difficulty that a lynching was prevented.

THE FLOODS IN THE WEST.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a tide in the affairs of the dwellers on the banks of the Mississippi that, taken at the flood, leads on to destruction. The Father of Waters and his tributaries have been making their annual visit to the settlers along these western streams. The usual devastation of property has followed, but fortunately there has not been the loss of life that has marked former rushes of the waters. The inhabitants of the section have become wary. They watch the coming of the storm with careful eye, and flee from the wrath of the devouring element. Still, hairbreadth escapes were of frequent occurrence during the recent freshet, and our illustration is not an overdrawn picture.

Murdered in a Bagnio.

Hardly had the interest in the Bell-Fredricks shooting died away in Kansas City than another murder followed of a still more revolting nature. The murderer was John George Rayser, and the victim his wife Annie. The scene of the terrible deed was a house of ill-fame conducted by Kate James on Third street. On the afternoon of the 15th ult., persons in the vicinity of this house were alarmed by the sudden and sharp report of a revolver, followed in quick succession by a number of others. A crowd soon gathered in front and in the rear of the building, and while standing there a man rushed out of the front door, down the steps, with a smoking revolver



JOHN RAYSER,

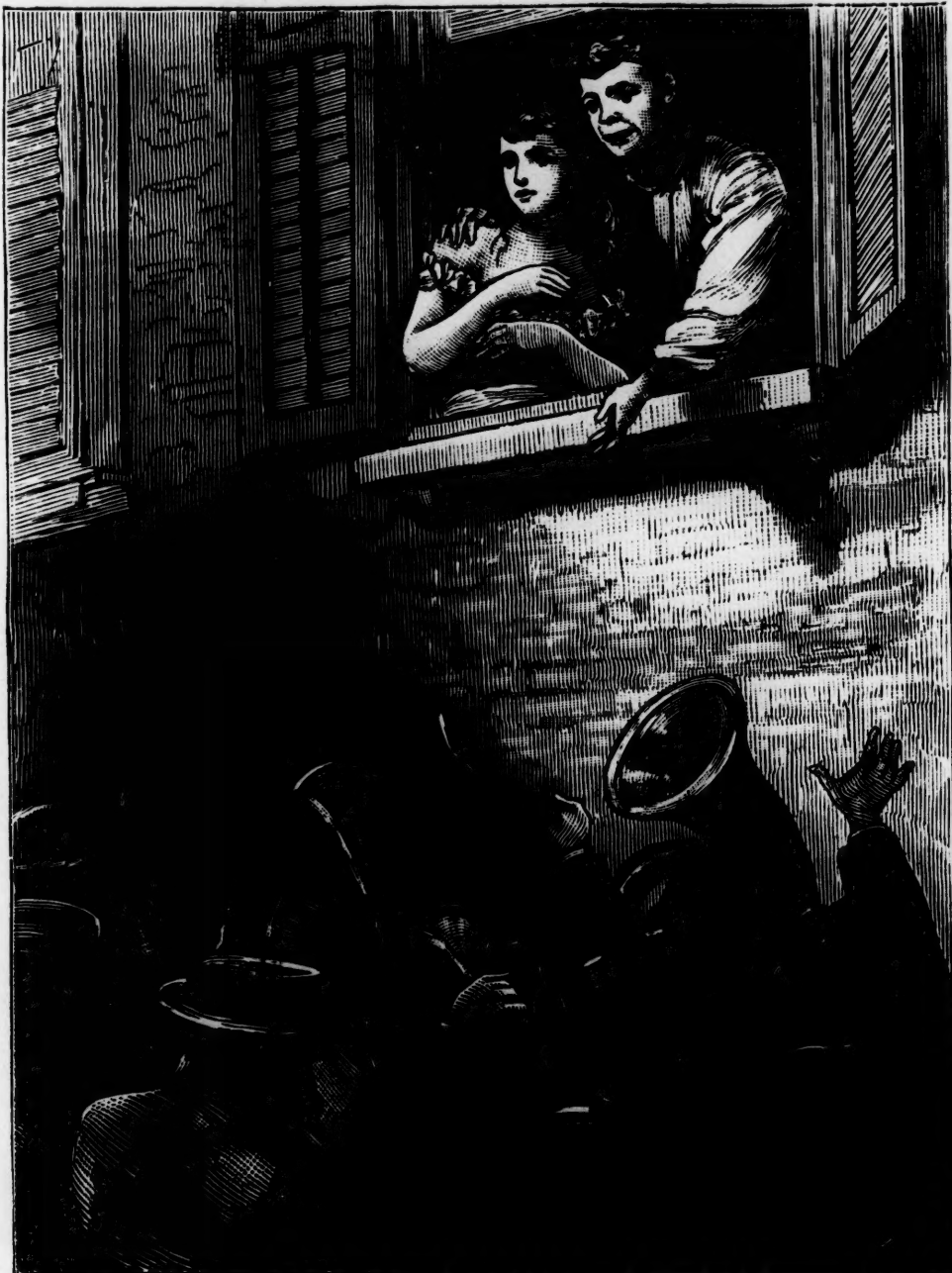
MURDERED HIS YOUNG WIFE IN A KANSAS CITY, MO., BAGNIO.

in his hand. He stopped, drew forth a box of cartridges from his pocket, laid them upon the head of a barrel standing near, carefully reloaded his weapon, and unmolested again entered the house, firing two more shots at the flying inmates. After this he made his appearance at the front door, and came down the step, when Officer Larry Ghent arrived upon the scene and at once made a dash at the man with the revolver, who again raised his weapon, firing once at the officer, when they grappled. During the struggle the man was disarmed, after making another attempt to shoot. He was taken to the station, and as he moved off he defiantly exclaimed: "You can take me now; I have had my revenge!"

It seems that Rayser had been endeavoring to find his wife and get her to live with him again, after several months' separation. He knew she was in a house in Kansas City, but did not know where she was until a few days before the

murder, when a friend of his met her on the street. This friend's name was Joseph Wilson, and the two visited the house. Rayser had a long talk with his wife, but she refused to have

anything to do with him. He called again on the 15th ult., held another conversation with her and went away. Shortly before 3 o'clock the girl, accompanied by Bessie Knox, started



MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

A WILLIAMSBURG BUTTER MERCHANT, DELIGHTED BY A SERENADE, GIVES HIS FRIENDS A VIEW OF HIS WIFE IN HER BRIDAL EVE COSTUME.

to go on a shopping excursion. When they reached the door Rayser made his appearance and told his wife he wanted to talk with her. He told her not to be afraid. She reluctantly consented and entered the front parlor with him. Nothing was heard from them for several minutes, when suddenly the resounding report of a revolver was heard and the girl ran out into the hallway with the blood spurting from a wound in her left cheek. Rayser followed her, and as she ran along fired again, the second ball ploughing its way through her left shoulder. As she reached the second floor her nearest friend, Edith Allen, ran out to her assistance, throwing her arm around her waist to support the staggering woman, as she exclaimed, "Oh, Eda, I'm



ANNA RAYSER,

KILLED BY HER HUSBAND FOR LIVING A LIFE OF DISSIPATION.

killed!" Just as these words left her lips the pursuing fiend fired a third time, the leaden missile entering her head at the base of the brain, behind the left ear, and ranging upward. With three bullets in her quivering flesh she staggered along, leaning upon her friend's arm, until she reached the last door opening upon the hallway, when the remorseless villain pulled the trigger a fourth shot, which entered her back about eight inches from the shoulder on the left side. Not content with his work Rayser rushed into the room once more and, standing over the prostrate woman, fired the last and fifth shot from his revolver into her brain, the ball entering the top of her forehead just in the edge of the hair on the right side. The maddened man went out the front way, firing one shot at Officer Ghent, when the officer rushed upon him, disarmed him in the struggle and took him to the station house, as already related.



ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

A PARTY OF FEMALE PEDESTRIANS IN THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, EFFECTUALLY REPULSE THE ADVANCES OF TWO TOO FAMILIAR TRAMPS.

Nine Times a Bride.

According to the *Cleveland Herald*, there's a woman of Summit county, Ohio, who deserves the champion belt for her success in knocking out husbands. This is the story:

Cynthia Boardman was first led, as a blushing bride, to the altar 35 years ago. William Rawlings, skipper of a canal boat, was the happy man. He did not live to enjoy his good fortune, for one bright May day, just as a prosperous freighting season had opened, Capt. Rawlings' mule kicked him into the ditch, and he sank beneath the muddy waters of the "raging," not to rise again until elevated by means of a stone derrick. The widow, after a proper season of mourning, was again wooed, and attached her

to visit a relative, and while there was married to John Henderson, a cooper. The fated John made but few barrels afterward, and in two short months his grave was seeded down. The relict concluded her visit and returned to her Ohio home. William Johnson was her next candidate. He was accepted and survived for a period of nine years. He was buried at Hudson, and Mrs. Johnson, undismayed by the decay of her previous hopes, was united in marriage to one James Dixon, of Shalersville. He sold the canal boat, which had become rather ancient, and with the proceeds and the personal estate of Johnson, bought the farm which Mrs. Dyer now cultivates. James soon followed his predecessors, and became a member of the angelic choir. After following him to his grave, the be-

"He don't appear to be in good health," ventured the reporter, as he arose to leave, casting a compassionate eye on the devoted Dyer, who was wrestling with a scythe in the rank first growth.

"No; George ain't overly stout, and I reckon his picture'll soon go along with the rest on 'em," replied Mrs. Dyer, glancing proudly at the crayons which surrounded the room.

The Dwyers and their Flyer.

The Dwyer Brothers, the famous turfmen, whose racing stable is winning all the principal stake races in the East, are wholesale market butchers, doing business at Washington Market, while they reside in Brooklyn.

champion three-year old of 1883. Much of the brothers' success on the turf is due, in addition to their excellent judgment, to the nerve, experience and skill of their favorite jockey, James McLaughlin, whose portrait will be recognized by all patrons of the turf.

A Bugle Blast.

A small party of young men were standing on a street corner one evening. They were examining a bugle belonging to one of them, and as a stranger came along an animated discussion arose. "I wish I could play on it," said one. "It's a pretty hard thing to do," said another. "If you haven't got the hang of the thing just right." "Hard thing to do!" chimed in the



GEORGE KINNEY,

ONE OF THE FLEET-FOOTED FLYERS OF DWYER BROTHERS' STABLES.

fortunes to those of Henry Ladd, whom she had employed to run the boat after Rawlings' fatal bath. One night Ladd was brushed off the hurricane deck by a bridge north of the Bolivar level, and the mules went into Navarre with no man at the helm. The boy, who slumbered as he rode, had not missed the commodore, and not until the ditch was dragged two days later was the question as to the mode of his departure settled. Mrs. Ladd shortly afterward went to Western Pennsylvania

reft wife made another journey to Pennsylvania, where she changed her name to the more euphonious Maybury. The happy pair moved to Indiana. Wabash shook the life out of Mr. Jacob Maybury in four years, and his wife returned to Summit county in time to console John Ladd, one of her first series of brothers-in-law, for the death of his second marital venture, by marrying him herself. This, added to his grief, was too much for John, and he remained only six weeks. For four years Mrs. Ladd lamented, and then, her love for mariners returning, she became the wife of Andrew Tipton, who ran on the short trade between Cleveland and Bedford. The days of the doomed Tipton passed swiftly by, and in the year 1876 he went to that bourne whence tow and heel path, likewise sluices and waste gates, are unknown. The widow Tipton went back to the farm and started a youthful artist on the road to affluence by giving him an order for the pictures of her husbands. The contract was taken at wholesale rates, and the money for which Tipton's boat was sold settled the bill. Surrounded by the counterfeit presentments of her beloved dead, the frequent widow, who had never been a mother, waited for the next candidate to come her way. Dyer was blown in by the heavy storm of 1880. He was not so popular as many of her former husbands, "but," said Mrs. D., "I was gettin' too old to be pertick'ler, and I took him."

They started in the turf business with Rhadamanthus, and won a snug little fortune with him. Then they purchased Vigil, who won another small fortune, taking large stakes, which helped them to buy Hindoo, Warfield, Luke Blackburn, and other kings of the turf. The Dwyers are well respected among the race horse magnates, and very popular. Their keen judgment of horses, and their system of running a training stable is first class. They are now owners of George Kinney, the best three-year old of 1883, so far, Miss Woodford, who is the champion filly, and Joe Blackburn and Barnes—horses that

stranger, regarding the party with evident contempt; "why I could blow a bugle before I was a foot high. Gimme that bugle." It was handed to him, and putting it to his lips he made one trial trip. There was a splutter, and the stranger began a war dance, at the same time holding his mouth in both hands. "Great Cleopatra's needle!" he yelled; "who in thunder filled that mouthpiece with Cayenne pepper? I'm small, gentlemen, light and fragile, but I can lick the man who peppered the horn."



PHILIP DWYER,

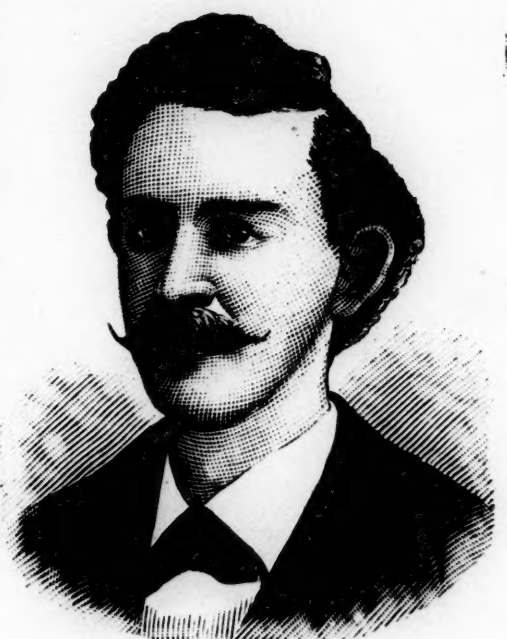
OF THE FIRM OF DWYER BROS., THE OWNERS OF SOME OF THE MOST FAMOUS HORSES ON THE AMERICAN TURF.



JAMES McLAUGHLIN,

DWYER BROTHERS' FAMOUS JOCKEY.

are making their mark on the turf, and promise to add to the Dwyers' fortune. The brothers' most promising racer is George Kinney, a bay colt by Bonnie Scotland, out of Kathleen, and was raised by Capt. Jas. Franklin, of Gallatin, Tenn., and sold to Dwyer Brothers as a yearling. As a two-year old Geo. Kinney started eleven times, winning seven races, second three times, and unplaced once. His winnings amounted to \$17,700. This year, as a three-year old, he has started three times, winning the Withers stakes and Belmont stakes at Jerome Park. With the exception of Barnes, who is in the same stable, George Kinney is probably the best three year old in the East, and his meeting with Leonatus (the Western crack) in the Omnibus stakes at Long Branch next month, will decide which is to be the



M. F. DWYER,

THE JUNIOR PARTNER OF THE FIRM OF DWYER BROS., THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN TURFMAN.

OTHER FELLOWS' WIVES

AND

Other Girls' Husbands.

THE RICHEST, RAREST AND RACIEST
SCANDALS OF FAST PARISIAN LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*"Paris by Gaslight," "Mabille Unmasked," "The
Prettiest Women in Paris," "Paris
Inside Out," etc., etc.*

I.

EMIL DE VALLETOUT'S MISTAKE.

Little did Emil de Valletout, as he turned into the Mouton Club which stands at the corner of the Rue Royale and Place de la Concorde, Paris, imagine that before midnight he was in for one of those romantic and extraordinary adventures which fall to the lot of some few and privileged mortals upon whom Fate not only smiles but gushes. The Mouton is one of the fastest yet most fashionable clubs in all Paris. To be a member of the Mouton means not only swiftness, but very rapid swiftness—a mail phaeton for the Bois de Boulogne, a four-in-hand for Longchamps or Chantilly races, a box at the opera, a mistress belonging to the upper crust of the demi-monde with a *chic* establishment and capable of spending 75,000 francs per month, a steam launch on the Seine and a schooner at Trouville, little dinners, suppers, in a word everything that is worth having under the sun.

Emil had dined at the Cafe Riche—had dined pretty particularly well, too—and not being inclined to go to the opera with the two men with whom he had been gormandizing, he thought he would turn into the club for a little game of baccarat—a game, by the by, at which the brother of the ex-Khedive of Egypt had lost his estates on the Lower Nile a few nights before in that very identical club.

"I feel inclined to plunge to-night," said Emil; "it is in the atmosphere. I feel reckless, but it is the recklessness that is egged on by good luck."

Valletout entered the magnificent club house, ascended the gorgeous staircase, and visited the card rooms one after the other. No one there. He glanced at a Capo di Monti clock that ticked musically upon one of the mantels.

"Nine! By St. Denis, I thought it was ten. I'll take a pint of Montus Rothschild to steady my nerves, and drive over to see little Florette for an hour or two. If she is out, I can drop into the Fifine Lamerts. She is too gushing. I won't go there if I can help it."

He called for the wine, but in a moment of abstraction ordered a bottle of Close de Vogue, a superb but blood curdling Burgundy.

"Never mind," he said to himself when he discovered the vintage, "a pound or two extra of steam won't bust my biler."

Emil was a very good looking young fellow of five-and-twenty. His eyes were black and luminous. His forehead was white, his nose well shaped, his mustache brought out its needle points like that of the late Emperor, Napoleon III. His teeth were "stunners." His chest was broad, his waist slim, his feet and hands perfect, and he stood six feet half an inch in his stockings. His estates in Normandy brought him in a splendid revenue.

"Now for Florette," he said, as he rose to leave.

The room took one waltz round, then stopped. "That Burgundy was too heavy; but if it lingers that it is going to floor me, it might as well be playing tricks with the Arc de Triomphe, and that is strong enough."

The giddiness passed off, and Valletout descended the stairs. There a liveried funky helped on his overcoat.

"Shall I call Monsieur de Valletout's carriage?"

"No."

Emil stepped into the vestibule, the cool night air playing upon his somewhat flushed cheeks.

"This is delightful," he thought. "Ma foi Florette is a chic little thing. I hope she'll be at home."

He descended the steps in the act of lighting a cigar, and opening the door of the carriage that stood in waiting, stepped in, banged the door, and plunged against the back cushion. The instant the door was banged the coachman started off at a good, rattling pace.

"Did I tell him where to go?" asked Emil, half aloud. "Oh, I must have."

The carriage, a very handsome one, rattled over the Pont Neuf and dashed into the Faubourg St. Germain.

"August has my horse in very good trim," thought Emil. "I never went at a better pace. August knows that I want to get back to the club. Capital fellow! Knows me to a T. Wouldn't part with him for double his wages."

The coupe now turned into the Rue St. Hildemond, and traversing the street struck the Rue St. Louis, and pulled up with a jerk at a quiet but very elegant looking house, within two of the corner. Emil stepped out, and ascending the steps, rang the bell. The door was opened not by a flunkey, but by a buxom *fille de chambre*, or lady's maid, a very seductive little dame, ripe as a peach, and bursting her shapely corsets, her snowy cap as coquettish as a thousand-franc bonnet.

"Per Bacco," said Emil; "but you are a plump little beauty. Just one kiss for a twenty-franc piece."

Four, M. le Viscount, retorted the maid.

"She calls me Viscount," thought de Valletout. "Not bad, that." Adding: "I'll not rate your lips so low. I'll take four kisses at ten francs a piece."

"M. Le Viscount is too generous."

Emil took four times four, the rascal, but two or three over never count.

"When did you come into Madame's service?" he asked.

"Yesterday, M. le Viscount."

"Ah! I thought I had never seen you before. Your predecessor in office was a living skeleton."

"Annette? Oh, M. le Viscount is joking."

"Not a bit of it. I used to give her a very wide berth."

"And M. le Viscount will do the same by me," said the young lady, demurely.

"Will he?" and Emil proceeded to pass his arm around her waist.

"Madame is expecting Monsieur," interrupted the girl, "and M. le Viscount has no time to spare, for M. le Marquis will be home by the train that reaches St. Lazare depot at 1 o'clock."

"The deuce!" thought Valletout. "So Florette is deceiving me with a Marquis. This is news. The deceitful little devil. 'Pon my life I ought to be awfully obliged to this girl for telling me. She is not treacherous at all events. Faith, she's as pretty as her mistress, if not prettier. I shall dissemble. I shall now hear Florette swear that she loves me to distraction and that she is as true to me as steel. Yes, I'll hear her out, and then I'll pulverize her. The jade! It was only yesterday that I sent her that diamond bracelet from Tissot's that she was crazy for. Bah, these girls are never true. It is instinct with them to be unfaithful. Tell me," he said aloud, "what is this Marquis' name?"

"Oh! Monsieur le Viscount is making fun of me."

"I am serious."

"You ask me the name of the Marquis de Montmorency. That is too good."

"Marquis de Montmorency! Whew! Florette flies high. He is the biggest swell in all France, bar none. Well, there is a grim satisfaction in being cut out by such a 'howler!'"

"This way, Monsieur le Viscount," cried the *fille de chambre*, as Emil was boldly proceeding up stairs.

"Ah! is Madame receiving on this floor?"

The girl preceded Valletout down a long passage filled with the choicest exotics, the walls all gold and mirrors, and arrived at a heavy curtain, which she pulled aside, after a couple of discreet coughs. After bestowing a parting and flirtation pinch upon the soubrette, Emil Valletout entered the room, the curtain falling after as noiselessly as snow. The apartment was simply gorgeous, and as elegant as it was rich. Pictures by the best modern masters filled the walls, while *bric-a-brac* and all sorts of expensive knickknacks were strewn about with studied elegance and absolutely artistic effect.

"Never was in the room before," mused Valletout. "By the bones of St. Denis, Florette shows some taste here. Where in the devil's name did she get the Messonier, and this Gerome, and this Cabaret? With the money of the Marquis of Montmorency. All right—let him pay! I swear she shall not have another centime from me." Emil stood opposite a Venetian mirror, and twirled his mustaches, or rather spun and twisted them out to a needle point. While engaged in this performance he beheld a picture at the opposite side of the room moving aside.

"Ah, here is Florette. She'll see how cavalierly I can treat a miserable little wretch of a trickster as she is."

He watched in the mirror as a female form appeared. But it was not Florette's. It was that of a tall lissome woman of 30. Very elegant looking and without being in the least beautiful, the face had a bewitchment all its own.

He turned.

The lady started violently, crimsoned and looked perfectly amazed.

Emil, quite at his ease, bowed low.

"I am waiting to see Mme. Florette Dusay," he said.

"Mme. Florette Dusay," repeated the lady. "I have not the honor of her acquaintance."

"No! She resides here?"

"Impossible. Stay. Does Monsieur mean one of the maids?"

"No, Madame. I mean the lady of the house."

"There is some mistake."

"I should think not, Madam, since I have the honor of paying the rent."

"And who might you be, sir, may I ask?" said the lady with a surprised smile. "Emil de Valletout, at your service." And he added, being very much attracted by the seductiveness of this unexpected apparition. "May I ask whom it is that I have the honor of addressing?"

"Monsieur, I am La Marquise de Montmorency."

As quick as lightning it flashed through Emil's brain that the jealous woman was here preparing a pretty warm reception for the coming Marquis, and he could not refrain from smiling, in the doing of which he revealed his marvellous teeth.

"Why do you smile?" asked the Marquise.

"Well, I will tell your ladyship if your ladyship promises not to be offended."

"I promise nothing, Monsieur."

"Your beautiful smile is better than a dozen oaths," retorted Emil, who upon finding the Marquise in such questionable position felt no restraint whatever.

"First of all, Monsieur Valletout be good enough to explain how you came here, to this house, to this apartment."

"The simplest thing in the world."

"Indeed!" this with a mocking sort of smile.

"This is how it happened, but won't Madame La Marquise be seated?"

The lady dropped into a low chair, revealing as she did so an exquisite foot, arrayed in a pink silk stocking with gold clocks, the slipper being of black satin.

"I was at the Mouton Club just now, and I thought I would like to pay a visit to Mademoiselle Florette Dusay, who resides here."

"I say no—however, go on."

"My coupe was in waiting, and I jumped into it. I drove here, and by Jove I may as well tell you that I was most horribly disgusted when I learned that the Marquis de Montmorency was coming here to-night. He has no right to poach on other people's manors."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Well you know, Mme. Le Marquise, that Florette is *pro tem.* at all events, my property, and—well, I do not protect her for the Marquis or any other man except myself."

The Marquise looked very much puzzled.

"There is some strange and ludicrous mistake here," she said after a short silence.

"None whatever."

"I say yes. You were at the Mouton Club."

"Yes."

"And drove straight here?"

"Yes, at a snapping pace."

"In your own coupe?"

"Why, yes; of course."

"Sure?"

"Well—why not?"

"Because I imagined you stepped into the coupe of Monsieur le Viscount de Maurepas."

Emil sprang to his feet. He, too, had been lounging in an easy chair, and with an ejaculation exclaimed:

"The *fille de chambre* would Viscount me: the house was better than mine; this room—Madame le Mar-

quise, I really do not know what to think. I am confused. Is not this—Whose house is it?"

"It is the house of Le Marquis de Montmorency," said the lady with considerable dignity.

"*Quel honneur!* what shall I do? How can I apologize, Madame la Marquise? I see it all now. I took a pint of heavy Burgundy; I was half stupid. I got into the wrong coupe, and here I am. What a miserable idiot you must take me to be?"

The Marquise at Emil's woe-begone expression fairly rolled in the chair with laughter, in which he, being a merry dog, joined till the tears coursed down his cheeks.

"Was ever such a queer mistake?" said the lady, after he had recovered.

"Never. It is almost incredible. But," he added, with a graceful bow, "I for one shall never regret it, since it brought me into the radiance of the presence of Madame La Marquise de Montmorency."

They entered into a lively chat, and talked of everything for over an hour.

Emil rose to leave.

"Wait a moment," said the Marquise, as she sounded a silver gong. "I am not at home for Monsieur le Viscount de Maurepas," said her ladyship to the buxom *fille de chambre*, who cast a sly glance at Valletout, as she passed out of the room.

Emil Valletout has handed Florette over to Alfred Vienteufs, of the guard.

"No more of such follies for yours truly," he exclaimed. "I am now the *cher ami* of the most seductive marquise in France."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FEMALE BURGLAR.

Romantic Adventures of a Desperate Woman,
Leader of a Band of Thieves.

Mrs. Maria Davis, a handsome and well connected woman, was arrested at Derby on June 22, charged with being implicated in the burglaries in the Naugatuck valley before that date. The post office at Bristol was entered, the safe broken open and \$1,000 in money and stamps stolen. Two weeks before a store in Essex was burglarized and \$6,000 in money and goods taken, and on Thursday night, June 21, four masked men entered the works of the Derby Lumber company, bound and gagged the night watchman, and broke open their safe. All these burglaries showed that experts were at work, and all were remarkable for the daring of the robbers. A man named Davis was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the Derby case. Letters and memoranda found upon him directed the attention of the police to his wife, and the sheriff and a deputy went to her house. They knocked, and Mrs. Davis appeared at the window. On being told they were officers she ordered them to leave, threatening to shoot them if they did not. The deputy sheriff attempted to force the door, but two quickly fired revolver shots, both of which came unpleasantly near, caused him to abandon the work. Assistance was summoned, and while Mrs. Davis was directing her attention to the men in front another party gained entrance at a rear window. As they ascended the stairs she heard them, and closed and locked the door, when an attempt was made to break it. She fired several shots through the panels, one of which wounded Constable James Geary in the leg. This seemed to exhaust her ammunition, and entrance being gained the woman was secured after a struggle, handcuffed, and taken to jail. The night watchman of the Derby Lumber company is confident that she is the person who assisted to bind and gag him, her voice being familiar. According to his story, she was apparently the leader of the gang. She was at the time dressed in men's clothing. The others appealed to her for orders, which she gave with the decision of a veteran commander. It was she who held the revolver to the watchman's head and threatened to blow his brains out if he uttered a word. Davis intimates that his wife has led him into crime, and that she has planned all the robberies in which he has taken part. As Davis is the recognized leader of the gang, Mrs. Davis is the actual head. Mrs. Davis is about twenty-seven years of age and good looking. She is a member of a wealthy Massachusetts family, and eloped from a boarding school about eight years ago with Davis, who represented to her that he was a rich southerner. As a matter of fact he had only been released a few months from prison, after serving out a term for larceny. Learning that the officers were after him for some newly committed crime, he and his wife fled to the West, and for a time they were in Maquette, O., where Davis ran a sample room, and later they went to Chicago, where they lived for several years. Davis, who was living under an assumed name, ran a billiard saloon. After leaving Chicago they wandered about the West and South, working the confidence game. Finally they turned up in Waterbury, Conn. Davis was then drinking heavily, but Mrs. Davis passed as a persecuted Christian, and was prominent in the class meetings of the Methodist church. Finally she too, took to drink, and gradually drifted into evil habits. She retained, however, her refined tastes, and it is supposed that she indulged in burglary that she might accumulate money enough to move to some strange place, and there live in aristocratic ease. In the room where she was arrested was a small bookcase filled with well selected books, which showed marks of frequent handling, and on a table an opened copy of "Lucille" lay face downward, where she had evidently placed it to take up her revolver.

She looked as if her name might be Pansy when the GAZETTE artist saw her walking beside what at first he thought was a baboon in fashionable attire. One end of a silver chain was in her hand; the other was attached to a silver collar round his neck, and he walked as if he liked it, much to the admiration of the crowd. The story was whispered that he loved her and objected to her lavishing so much of her affection on her pet pug.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to hate a poor dog so," said she.

"I don't hate him," he protested. "I only envy him."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed. If I was only in his place now."

"Well," said she, mischievously, "I was just going to take him out for a walk. See, here is his collar and chain."

"Take me instead," he cried, falling on his knees.

And she took him. At last that is what our artist says, and artists never lie, you know.

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A BLACK FIEND.

Ho Outrages a Young Lady in Westchester County,
N. Y., and Escapes.

On Tuesday morning, June 26, at 7 o'clock, Miss Sarah E. Slocum, a school teacher at the little town of Salem, Westchester county, N. Y., started from her father's house to walk over a rough piece of road to the schoolhouse. There is no dwelling on the road and the path is a mere wagon track leading through the woods. When she had gone half way she heard foot-steps behind her and saw a negro approaching, covering her with a revolver.

"Halt!" said the negro. She stopped.

"Give me your watch and money," he commanded. She had no money so he took the watch. Then he drew a handkerchief over her mouth and commanded her to keep still or he would kill her. She pulled off the gag and screamed at top of her voice. A desperate struggle ensued and she fainted.

When she regained consciousness the negro was dragging her over the stone wall by the roadside. She again tried to shake herself loose from him. She succeeded in getting to her feet, but could not elude him. He dragged her along to a place where the bushes were thicker.

"I can go no further," she cried. "Let me go; don't kill me; at least give me time to pray." He made no reply. There were two old apple trees grown wild not far away. You must go as far as that second tree, he said, or I'll kill you at once. She was unable to do so, and sank to the ground. Then he half carried her and half dragged her to the place indicated, and there brutally assaulted her. Then he spoke of giving her watch back to her, saying: "It will give me away if I keep it." But he did not return it to her. He made her swear she would not say a word of what had happened, debating aloud with himself meantime whether he could with safety let her live. "If a man was passing by would you holler?" he said. "No," she replied. "There is one now," he said, moving as if he would dive into the bush; but she knew no one was likely to be there, and kept quiet. He then asked her age, and whether she was married or single. She told him.

"Well, when you get back to your home, how will you explain about your clothes being torn and your watch gone if you don't tell of this?" he continued. "I will slip in without their seeing me," she replied. The negro hesitated. He took the revolver from his pocket, looked at it, then at her, and then turned the weapon from side to side. He finally put it in another pocket, and told her he would let her live. He did not move to go away though, and she asked him to go on and let her go home. He then told her to wait there while he went on ahead. Fearing he would not go, she told him he had better take some other direction, because if any one saw him they would suspect something. He agreed to this. Going down toward the road he found one of her rubbers near the stone wall. He picked it up and threw it toward a pair of bars, and told her to go that way. She went as directed.

When she got up from the ground the blood flowed from her mouth, and she was so badly bruised that she could scarcely walk. She managed to walk slowly up toward Fuller's house. Opposite the door she caught sight of Mr. Fuller. She threw up her hands, but was unable to call to him. Mr. Fuller ran to her and assisted her into the house. "Her clothes were terribly torn," said Mr. Fuller's housekeeper. "She could not speak. She acted as if she could not see. Her dress and her face were bloody. We applied restoratives and put her to bed." The victim describes the negro as a young yellow darkey, with a very flat nose. He had on a quilted soft hat, a dark small plaid suit, a dark vest, a white shirt, without collar or cuffs, and a badly worn pair of shoes. One of the shoes was ripped across the top. He wore a plain band ring on the little finger of his left hand.

When the news of the outrage spread a hundred armed men started out to scour the country, promising an immediate lynching if the negro was found.

A PARSON'S PRANKS.

The Story that Father McCarthy's Housekeeper tells of His Attempts at Love Making.

[With Portraits.]

The case of Rev. Florence McCarthy, pastor of St. Cecilia's R. C. Church in Brooklyn, accused of outraging his housekeeper, Kate Dixon, aged 18 years, came up before a justice on June 24. She told the following story: "On Friday, June 8," said she, "I got up at 6 o'clock in the morning and called Father McCarthy, who had asked to be called in time to say mass; we were alone in the house; he went to church and got back at a quarter to 9; then he came down stairs and I gave him his breakfast; after breakfast he said, 'I want you to go to the bank and deposit \$25 for me;' he gave me the money and \$2 extra; I rode down in a Grand street car to the Dime Savings Bank, at the corner of Broadway and Second street (Williamsburg), taking with me the two children of Father McCarthy's sister; after depositing the money I purchased some cuffs for Father McCarthy, and then bought some candy for the children; when I returned to Father McCarthy's house, in Humboldt street, I left the children, as they had not far to go to their home, and rapped on the basement door: this was about half-past eleven: Father McCarthy called to me from the hall door and told me to come up that way; when I went up the front stoop he asked me whether the money was deposited all right, and then gave me buttons to put in a pair of cuffs; while I was fixing the cuffs he caught me in his arms and carried me to his room, which is off the parlor, on the same floor; I did not know what he meant, but I was frightened and struggled." The girl then testified that after a long struggle Father McCarthy assaulted her. "After that," she continued, "he washed my face with bay rum and made me kneel down and swear that I would not tell any one of what had happened; and also that when I went to confession I would go to a Dutch priest." Further testimony was given concerning the alleged assault, and the witness also testified that on the following Tuesday Father McCarthy again attempted to assault her, but she broke away from him and got out of the house.

LIFE IN A TENEMENT HOUSE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Life in a New York tenement house is prolific of subjects for the artist's pencil. Some of the episodes of

THE DEMON DOCTOR.

Flood Curdiing Discoveries in a Philadelphia Physician's Cellar.

The Remains of Twenty-one Murdered Infants Unearthed by the Police, and More Horrors Promised.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The boss horror of the times is developed by prim old Philadelphia. On June 20 the skulls of twenty-one partially developed infants were found buried in the cellar of the house No. 223 North Fifth street, formerly occupied by Dr. Isaac Hathaway, who has been frequently implicated in cases of abortion. He had been in prison in Philadelphia for several weeks on a charge of assault and battery made by his stepson. This case came up in a police court on Monday, June 18, when the doctor's friends made a strong effort to get him free. After the stepson had given his testimony he mentioned to Court Officer Solomon Pugh that he could "make the old man account for more crimes than the present one, some that would startle the town." He had some further conversation with the officer and the latter informed Assistant District Attorney Brey of the information dropped during the few minutes' chat. The latter, in turn, communicated his information to District Attorney Graham, who sent for the Chief of Police, and the two officials had a conference as to the proper course to pursue. The chief on Monday night detailed Detectives Miller and Wolf on the case, and they put themselves at once in communication with the young man and obtained from him a narrative so shocking in detail as to cause them almost to doubt the story.

On June 20 the officers, armed with spades, visited the house, and after some persuasion the family who occupy the place allowed the men to go to work at once. They started to dig in the rear part of the cellar behind a flight of steps. There the dirt was rather loose and not so hard as that in other places. The men had hardly dug down six inches when they struck the skull of a babe. The portion under the steps was excavated to the depth of about four feet, and 21 infantile craniums and a lot of thread-like bones were turned up by the spade. The men commenced work about 9 o'clock in the morning and labored on until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when Deputy Coroner Powers, who had been informed of the horrible discovery, arrived on the scene. The policemen showed a willingness to tear up the entire cellar floor, but the deputy coroner said that the number already obtained was sufficient to produce in evidence against the man, and the search was discontinued. The skulls and bones were then placed in a box and taken possession of by the coroner's officials.

The house at present is occupied by the family of Joseph Amos, respectable Germans, who have lived in the place about six months. They showed signs of great distress, and appeared to be horrified at the fact that they had been living in a house so desecrated.

"Doctor" Hathaway, although on more than one occasion figuring in the criminal courts, has always managed to slip out of the law's meshes. On April 5, 1881, he was before the coroner in connection with the death of the male child of Ellen Butler, a domestic, employed at the time in the house of Ellis D. Williams of No. 457 Marshall street. At the inquest the woman testified that Hathaway had performed a criminal operation upon her. In explanation she said that she had been advised to visit the office of Dr. Thomas B. Miller, a former member of the Philadelphia Methodist Episcopal Conference, who then resided at No. 544 Lehigh avenue, and who accompanied her to Hathaway's office, where the crime was committed. Previous to this time Miller had figured as the "Dean" of the Philadelphia College of Medicine and Surgery, a bogus institution at No. 207 North Tenth street, which has since passed out of existence. Mary Butler subsequently made another statement to the effect that she obtained a bottle of medicine from Miller, who, after on, for a consideration of \$9, accompanied her to Hathaway's den. The coroner's jury returned a verdict in which they found that Hathaway had committed the malpractice, and that Miller was an accessory before the fact. They were committed to prison, but were subsequently released on bail on writs of habeas corpus. After securing their release both men disappeared, but Miller returned after a few months, and was arraigned for trial before Judge Pierce. The young woman could not be found, and on January 20, 1882, Miller was acquitted. It was afterward ascertained that the girl had recovered from the effects of the operation and departed from the country for Ireland.

Hathaway fled to Hokendauqua, a small village near Catasauqua. Here he piled his heinous avocation for nearly a year, and when the Butler affair had blown over he returned to Philadelphia and took up his residence at Sixth street and Rising Sun lane, where he reopened his business and did a flourishing trade.

Hathaway's wife and stepson lived with him there, and were made the victims of the most brutal treatment. When this persecution could be tolerated no longer, Mrs. Hathaway left the brute and accompanied by her son, went to Coopersville, an isolated habitation on the old Second street pike, where they are now living. Some time ago, while conversing with an attaché of the coroner's office, Mrs. Hathaway related some soul-harrowing stories of the "Doctor's" barbarity and other illegitimate practices. While she was living with him after he had taken up his residence on Rising Sun lane she one day said that if she and her son were not treated better she would leave him, and if she did this she would not hesitate to tell anything she knew of him. His rage became great, and flourishing a large knife, said he would kill her if she ever did this. "I have a notion to kill you anyhow," he exclaimed. The woman fled from the house and sought protection with a neighbor. She said that every few months she was subjected to one of his operations greatly against her will. Her health was considerably impaired, and some times she would be bedfast for weeks from the effects of it. The doctor and his son by a former wife were continually fighting and taunting his second wife and her son, and it was a recent assault that led to his arrest and final exposure. It is said that the doctor kept a pair of fierce and ferocious hounds in the cellar of the Fifth street house, and these beasts subsisted wholly from the infant remains thrown to them by the doctor. After the bones had been licked

clean by the dogs they were covered up with a little dirt and that was the last of them. There are supposed to be hundreds of them in the cellar. The neighbors have frequently seen stylish teams drive up to the house on Fifth street and wait an hour or two until their handsomely dressed occupants reappeared and drove away. It was not infrequently that several such equipages were seen waiting at one time.

These revelations raised a great excitement in Philadelphia, and on June 23, when the coroner's inquest on the remains of the babes was begun, the office was crowded with curious citizens, both men and women. Hathaway was brought up from Moyamensing prison. The prisoner was shabbily dressed, and his bent form and feeble air belied the dark color of his dyed hair and whiskers. He is said to be 33 years old. With furtive, cat-like glances he watched the woman who for 15 years lived with him as his wife, and who now appeared as the chief witness against him.

Chief of Police Givin related the causes which led him to order the examination of the house No. 223 North Fifth street, formerly occupied by Hathaway, and detailed his conversation with Anna Emory, Hathaway's companion and reputed wife. He said that the woman had told him that there had been between four and five hundred cases in which Hathaway had buried infants in his cellar.

Anna Emory, small, elderly and meanly dressed, was called to the stand. She said that she became acquainted with Hathaway 15 years ago. A week after a nock marriage took place between them. During all these years Hathaway carried on systematic criminal malpractice. She had assisted in many of the operations. His charges for people in poor and moderate circumstances varied from \$10 to \$25. Rich women paid still higher rates. Sometimes he had from 25 to 30 patients a day. Many of the children were born alive. He would take them down into the cellar and bury them. She did not know whether they were buried alive or not, but "they never lived long." She had seen him throw the bodies of children into the fire four or five hours after their death. She supposed that they were dead when this was done. The "Doctor" did little work on Sunday. She did not know whether he kept dogs in the cellar to feed upon the babies. She also testified to criminal operations performed upon her by Hathaway.

In his charge to the jury Coroner Janney alluded to Hathaway's former arrest for malpractice upon Mary Butler, and said that he had no doubt that Hathaway had killed thousands of infants and possibly many mothers in this city. After short deliberation the jury brought in a verdict "that Dr. Isaac Hathaway is guilty of abortion in numerous cases." Coroner Janney then committed Hathaway to prison to await action by the Grand Jury. Anna Emory was also committed to be used as a witness.

The account books seized by the officers at the doctor's residence contained such entries as "the Camden girl," "tea man," "the woman from Jersey." One patient, entered as the woman on Twenty-eighth street, is accredited with having purchased \$50 worth of "cauf sirrup." Another "woman on Wistar street," is charged \$15 for "mediasion" and \$1.50 for each of "15 vissets." "Benery Gallacy, from Country," and "the man with fit" are other specimens of his book entries. Another book contained a list of medicines used by the man, labelled with their abbreviated signs. The period covered in the books ranges from May, 1876, to July, 1882, and are said to contain proofs of the slaughter of a thousand infants and several adults.

AN ENERGETIC OFFICER.

[With Portrait.]

Alfred W. Burnett, Chief of the Eureka Detective Agency, of Charleston, W. Va., has been gaining some notoriety of late on account of his arrest of a negro named Direly, whom he accuses of being one of the murderers of the Gibbons family at Ashland, Ky., for which crime one man has been lynched and two others are now awaiting execution. It is more than probable that Mr. Burnett is on the wrong track; nevertheless, he deserves much credit for his energy and perseverance in working up the case. Mr. Burnett is a man of great ability. Among his exploits we note the capture of Bill Thucher and Jack McMahers, the celebrated cattle thieves; the arrest and capture, after several desperate fights, of the noted "Pacer Gang," an organized band of robbers, who plundered the Kanawha valley for years; the arrest of the famous desperado, Andy Murphy, and Alex Brown, the incendiary, of Putnam county; the capture of Jake Carr, of Kanawha; Bob Clemens, of Boone; and Scott Tipton, of Logan counties, all robbers, shrewd, skilful and desperate. Mr. Burnett also secured Ben Applegate, a noted firebug of Letonia, Ohio, and Dr. Pomeroy, bigamist and horse thief; besides many of the worst moonshiners and counterfeiters. Mr. Burnett's former profession of journalism was abandoned for the more profitable but dangerous occupation in which he has been so successful. Through it all he has borne an unimpeachable good name, and in 1882 made a gallant race for State Senator in the Ninth district of West Virginia.

TRAMPS MADE TO TRAMP.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is grit in the average Yankee girl. Boston culture is not confined to aesthetic and scientific subjects; physical culture is not neglected. Co-education is recognized in these branches at the Ithub, and some of the spectacle female students of the seminaries of the city of Pork and Beans can hold their own with the Freshmen of Harvard college. A couple of tramps who recently met a party of three ladies from a Boston school making a pedestrian tour in the neighborhood of the Green Mountains, Vt., realized this fact. The way in which the appeal of the vagabonds for bread and butter, and kisses, and what loose change the travellers might have, is shown in our picture.

AN ILL-STARRED ELOPEMENT.

Bernard Smith, a coachman, eloped with his employer's daughter from Ireland ten or twelve years ago. The runaways came to this country and were married. They settled in Newark, and Smith opened a saloon. After several years during which children were born to the couple, Smith and his wife quarrelled and Smith tried to get a divorce. He charged that his wife had stopped at a hotel with a man named Henry Sharp Lammesson, and was registered as his wife. Mrs. Smith now causes the arrest of her husband and Lammesson, alleging that they entered into a conspiracy to decoy her into a private room in the hotel. Yesterday Lammesson was committed to jail in default of \$500 bail. Smith was released on bail.

A BRUTE LYNCHED.

He Outrages a Little Girl and Dies the Death of a Dog.

CHICAGO, June 16.—A Tribune Sheboygan (Mich.) special of the 15th says: Little Nellie Lyons, daughter of Norman Lyons, of this place, was playing near the railroad depot Tuesday noon with half a dozen companions. She strayed away from them just before dark, going a little way from the railroad track after some wild flowers. Her playmates waited for her to return, but supposing she had gone home, all went to their suppers. When she did not come back her mother went to the neighbors' houses to look for her, and as no one knew where the child was, she returned and alarmed her husband who, with a half dozen friends, began searching the woods in the direction which she had gone. It was not until daylight on Wednesday morning that she was found, and then she was lying, too weak to cry, on a little raised spot in the centre of a swampy piece of ground. Her clothing was torn and an ugly gash was in her left side. She was taken home, made as comfortable as possible, and then in her childish way she said: "A man came up the track and grabbed me. He took me over a fence here and hit me with a stick because I cried. He hit me twice and then I went to sleep." This was all she could say, except to give a description of the man who had committed the outrage.

A vigilance committee was at once organized, and 100 men set out to scour the woods. Yesterday morning a man answering to the description given by the girl, was arrested. He had come back to town, where he had been staying for several days, and was noticed to avoid observation as much as possible. He was recognized as having come up the railroad track about dark, and when he was confronted by the little girl she at once cried out:

"Oh, take him away; don't let him hurt me any more. He hit me."

There was a rush to take him from the officers, but they resisted and jumped into a wagon and drove back to the jail. The man at first refused to give his name, but finally said it was Tim Warner; that he came from Alpena, Mich., to Sheboygan on a schooner. He was examined in the afternoon and again positively identified. He gave an account of his whereabouts during Tuesday evening, which was promptly discovered to be a lie. There was some more talk of lynching him, but he was not molested up to dark, though nearly every man in town was on the street. Large crowds gathered about 9 o'clock in the evening, and all wended their way toward the jail. Here the crowd eventually swelled to above 500, most of whom were there from curiosity.

About 1 o'clock this morning a few men with masked and blackened faces, wearing sheets and other disguises, walked up the steps of the jail, amid the applause of the throng. The sheriff opened the door of his residence, which is connected with the jail, when he was seized by two of the masked men, who demanded the key of the lock-up. Obtaining this, they unlocked the jail and opened the door of the cell in which Warner was confined. He was then taken out and dragged to the railroad crossing, followed by the crowd. As he was being taken to the crossing a rope was placed about his neck. On the arrival at the crossing a rope was thrown over the crossing, the prisoner was pulled up, but let down again and given a chance to talk. He protested his innocence. He was hoisted and lowered several times still pleading his innocence, but was finally hauled up and left hanging until daylight this morning, when he was taken down.

The little girl is resting quietly to-day and it is hoped she may recover, though she is still very weak and lost a great deal of blood from the stab she received in the side. It was evidently intended to kill her, but the steel rib of her child's corset changed the course of the knife and caused it to inflict only a slight wound. She is very pretty, and every one in the place knows her and respects her parents.

A TONY TRAGEDY.

Two Blue Blood Families of the South Murder Each Other for a Trifle.

The ante-bellum condition of pugnacity is being restored pretty rapidly in some parts of the South. As witness a bloody and fatal affray that occurred on the afternoon of June 27, at Collinsville, Ala. The town is located on the Alabama and Great Southern Railroad, fifty-five miles from this place. The participants in the tragedy were A. B. Hall and son and Bob and John Mullens. They owned adjoining property, and a dispute arose regarding the boundary line. Tom Hall built a fence which the Mullens claimed was improperly located, and they threatened to remove it. Hall said he would kill the man who touched it. Bob Mullens to-day undertook to remove it and was shot dead by Hall. John Mullens, who was present, was also shot and fatally wounded; he, however, had strength enough to pull out his pistol and kill Hall with it. Hall's father then approached, and he, too, was immediately killed by Mullens, who fell, and is now thought to be dying. All the parties are wealthy and prominent. A. B. Hall is the senior member of the firm of Hall, Mackay & Co., a leading firm in North Alabama.

HE HAD 'EM.

A few days ago a young man named Wm. Winters, residing in Perry township, near Chicago, was told by his father to go out into a field on a farm bordering on Big Salt creek to dig laurels, desiring to abolish the growth of this shrub. The young man armed himself with a double-barrelled shotgun and proceeded to the place, which was on a hill side, a wild and romantic place, with everything indicating the habitation of poisonous reptiles and wild and vicious animals. The young man set his gun against a tree near the foot of the hill, and stepping off a distance of about sixty feet began to dig up the laurels. Presently his attention was attracted by a rustling noise in the branches above him, and looking in that direction he presently discovered the head of a monstrous beast or reptile, he could not tell which, looming up above the bushes. It at once started toward him, with its mouth wide open, until the jaws appeared to be twelve inches long, displaying a red, forked, poisonous tongue and ivory teeth two inches long. The beast, or serpent, or whatever it was, whistled and roared in a frightful manner, and came plunging on toward him with green, glaring eyeballs protruding from a massive head, at least twelve inches broad, and a mouth sufficiently large almost to swallow his whole body. Winters became frightened, and ran for his gun, upon

reaching which he turned and fired the contents of one barrel into the monster, which turned its direction. He watched its half-serpentine, half-leaping movements for a few moments. Then it ran up a large poplar and entered a hole, and Winters hurried home and informed not only his own family but a number of neighbors of the strange, alarming sight he had seen, and a posse of them, armed with axe and gun, went to the scene. They determined to cut the tree down, and while two of them did the chopping the remainder of them stood guard, with their guns levelled on the hole where the beast or serpent entered. Their labor was in vain, however, as a thorough examination of the tree after it had been felled disclosed the fact that the monster had escaped before they arrived.

Mr. Winters says that the beast or reptile he saw was from eight to twelve feet long with a body as large as a telegraph pole. It had legs about four inches long, a brown body that was hairless, and a head shaped like a shark. The neighborhood is much alarmed about the presence of this strange production of nature and will spare no means to capture it.

"DUTCH" HEINRICH'S SUCCESSOR.

A Thief who has Made Many Hauls Hauled in Himself.

[With Portrait.]

Rufus Minor, alias Pine, alias Charles Rogers, was arrested by Inspector Byrnes and Detective Handy on Broadway, New York city, Monday, June 23. The prisoner was wanted for a multiplicity of crimes but more especially for the part he took in the robbery of a large sum of money from the Brooklyn post office on Feb. 7.

The police of several large cities are very anxious to see Minor, and he is suspected of being concerned in the robbery of \$1,000 from a Baltimore bank, as well as the theft of \$2,800 from Rufus Rose, an insurance agent in Albany, the stealing of \$4,000 from the office of the Providence gaslight company on May 1, and the robbery of \$71,000 at the depot of the People's passenger railway company in Philadelphia on March 2. It is also said that he is wanted by the United States Government for robbing a government office in Washington. He is believed by the police to be one of the men who in September last entered a broker's office in Baltimore, and while one of the number engaged a clerk in conversation another picked up \$120,000 in money and securities and made his escape. If identified Minor will first be tried for this offence. His picture is No. 1,367 in the Rogers' Gallery. He travels through the country with such men as Johnny Price, George Carson, and others of that ilk. They pick out the bank or office to be "worked," and after the habits of the clerks are carefully studied, a descent on the place selected is made when the office is crowded and money is lying around loose.

Minor has been a thief nearly all his life. He was born in the Eleventh ward of New York city. He is said to own considerable real estate, and is known to be wealthy. When arrested he gave his name as William Pine, but refused to say where he lived. He is looked upon as the successor to "Dutch" Heinrich, one of the most accomplished bank sneak thieves that ever prospered in this city.

A RED-HOT WAKE.

A Lamp Upset During the Corpse and the Corpse Burned to a Cinder.

At Milford, Mass., on the night of June 24, at a wake of unusual proportions over the body of Capt. William P. Burke, at the house of Mrs. Bridget McDermott, a burning kerosene lamp was overturned by one of the mourners. It set on fire the shed at the rear of the house. Although there were plenty of other liquids in the house, water was lacking, and the fire spread too rapidly to be checked.

The hilarious mourners had just time to save their lives, leaving the dead body behind them to be burned to ashes. The house was destroyed, together with three others close by. The entire loss will reach \$12,000. The fire was the most destructive ever known in Milford. Nine families were made homeless and little of their furniture was saved.

WILLIAM SHERIFF, THE PRUSSIAN.

[With Portrait.]

On Saturday, June 30, William Sheriff, the famous English prize fighter, arrived in Philadelphia, and was received by Arthur Chambers and a strong delegation of sports. Sheriff was born in August, 1847; his height is 5 ft 5½ in, and weight 11 st 2 lbs. He first entered the ring in 1857, beating J. Barrow, of Leicester, in 15 rounds, occupying one hour. A year later he defeated J. Marshall in 30 minutes. In 1860 he defeated Fred. Orton, of Leicester, in 35 minutes. In 1861 he met George Orton. It was an uphill fight for the Prussian, but was not finished, the police interfering after the fight had gone on for three hours. He did not appear in the ring again until eleven years later, in 1872, when he fought another member of the Orton family—Jack. Sheriff won easily in 35 minutes. Six years later—in 1878—he undertook to beat Badger Brown in 30 minutes, but the authorities prevented the fight. He next fought Denny Harrington. The constabulary interfered after the fight had been in progress 43 minutes. After much wrangling the stakes were awarded to Sheriff, Harrington declining a second meeting.

STAND AND DELIVER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A sedate old citizen of Brooklyn was nearly frightened out of his wits on Fourth of July morning by being suddenly surrounded by a group of his nieces and their friends all armed with pistols, guns and other firearms. They commanded him to stand and deliver whatever money he had about him. The old gentleman was dazed for a moment and thought that probably too much reading of dime novels had crazed the girls and they had resolved to become female bandits. He was brought to a calmer state of mind when it was explained to him that the weapons were not loaded, that the frolicsome damsels had been out on a little Fourth of July racket, firing a morning salute, and all they wanted was a little money to help them out with a strawberry festival they were interested in.

"Other Fellows' Wives" succeed the "Female Sports of New York," in the POLICE GAZETTE this week. They are gay girls, as their histories will demonstrate.



A PLACE OF SKULLS.

THE SICKENING DISCOVERY MADE IN THE CELLAR OF THE RESIDENCE OF DOCTOR ISAAC J. HATHAWAY, THE PHILADELPHIA ABORTIONIST.



STAND AND DELIVER.

HOW A PARTY OF BOLICKING FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATORS LEVIED CONTRIBUTIONS FOR A STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.



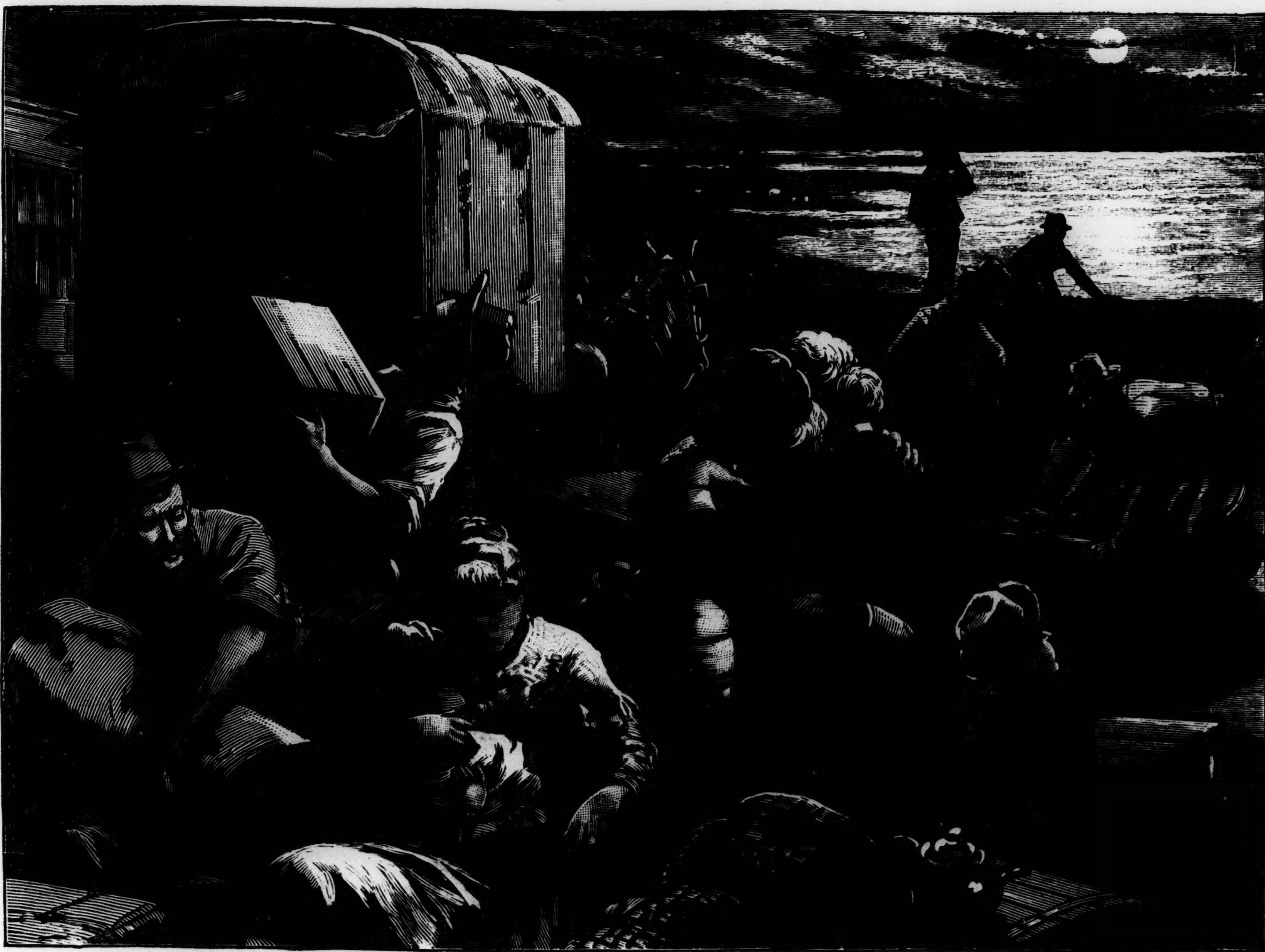
SENT SKY HIGH.

A MISCHIEVOUS BOY SENDS OFF A LADY'S FAVORITE PUPPY IN A BLAZE OF FOURTH OF JULY GLORY.



BREAKING THE TRACES.

A SMASH-UP AT THE GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING PARK THAT MADE THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD RACE EXCITING.



FLEEING FROM THE FLOOD.

A TERROR-STRICKEN FAMILY ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI PREPARING TO ESCAPE FROM THE ANNUAL VISIT OF THE RUSHING WATERS.

THE PRIZE RING.

How the Great Gladiator Tottered From his Pedestal.

Enfeebled by Sickness and Abandoned by the Crowd, Hyer sinks into the Grave Defying his Foemen.

In 1863, Hyer began to suffer from cardiac dropsy, and it gradually but surely became rooted in his system. He started a bar room in Fourth street, near Broadway, and did a capital business. Shortly after Joe Coburn had whipped McCoole, a rumor was circulated that Hyer had matched himself to fight Coburn (who was then getting up rapidly to the top of the pugilistic ladder), for \$10,000 a side, but the rumor was unfounded, for Hyer at this time was unable to walk without the assistance of a cane, crutch or a friend. Hyer's saloon in Fourth street finally fell off in business, declining with the falling physique of the once popular pugilist, and a benefit was gotten up for him at the New Bowery theatre, and was attended by all the leading sports of Gotham. Hyer had to be carried in and out of the theatre and was not able to respond to the calls of the crowd. Toward the end of his days he became very poor and many of the ex-champion's friends who knew him in his prime seemed to avoid even recognition from the very man they used to fairly worship. He was nevertheless the same fearless Tom Hyer as in his younger days. He had all his old spirit and pluck despite his bodily ailments, and expressed his opinion freely, candidly and fearlessly at all times. Hyer would say just what he thought of a man, no matter what was the consequence. He intended visiting Jem Ward in England in the fall of 1864, and informed the ex-champion of England by letter of that fact; but he never went over, for on June 21, 1864, he had a benefit at the old Stuyvesant Institute, and six days after he died suddenly. A coroner's jury was empanelled, and returned a verdict of death from cardiac dropsy. The funeral of the great pugilist took place from his residence, 155 East Thirty-fifth street, New York, on June 23, 1864. Thousands called to take a last look at the remains of the American champion. The coffin was enveloped in black velvet covered with small diamond shaped ornaments, and on the outside was placed a wreath of immortelles. On the plate was the following inscription: "Thomas Hyer, born January 1, 1819; died June 23, 1864, aged 45 years, 5 months and 26 days."

The pall bearers at the funeral were Allen Conrey, Thomas C. Burns, Chas. Lozier, A. Wallack, J. Sturges, Wm. Mount, Wm. Proche and Jeremiah Halsey. Hyer's remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery and a number of prominent friends followed the hearse. Hyer left a mother and widow in poor circumstances, and a subscription was started for their relief, and John Morrissey headed the list with \$20. John Decker, the chief engineer of the fire department in 1864, was the treasurer.

Hyer was a great pugilist, and in his prime we have not the least doubt but that he could have won the championship of the world if he had fought for that title. He was willing to do so but never had the opportunity.

A desperate mill was fought at Tombstone, Arizona, on June 15. The participants were James Ryan, who formerly resided on Warsaw pike, Cincinnati, but who has been located near Tombstone for the past four months, and William Young, a local scrapper of some repute, who has figured in several ring fights, and has up to this time been successful. Ryan is about 22 years of age and weighs 145 pounds. Young is nearly 40 years old, and is 20 pounds heavier.

The fight was the result of a quarrel, in which Young threatened to kill Ryan. The latter retorted that if he was anxious to obtain satisfaction he would accommodate him with a square set-to with nature's weapons inside the roped circle. The proposition was agreed to, and the two men trained for three weeks.

The racecourse of the Tombstone Jockey Club, near the city, was selected as the place for the encounter, and with their backers the two men repaired to that place last Sunday afternoon. The admission was fixed at \$1 a ticket, and at that price over 700 people passed in the gates.

The men stripped without any unnecessary preliminaries, and in a little time were in position. Ryan showed up better than his opponent in his ring costume. Young looked like he had overtrained. Mr. Cornell Williams was selected as referee. When time was called both men toed the scratch and shook hands. They were both to assume the offensive, and for a few minutes sparred warily. Young grew tired of this, and watching his chance sent in a hot one, which landed on Ryan's forehead and he went to grass. When he got up the claret was flowing, and the claim of first blood was made by Young's backers and allowed. This was the only round in which Young showed to any advantage, and although he did some good sparring he was clearly overmatched, and was not able to make much of a fight. He stood up to his work, however, and in the thirty-four succeeding rounds stood the punishment, which was very severe, gamely. After an hour and thirty minutes of rapid fighting he was finally forced to throw up the sponge, and the fight was given to Ryan. The last named is said to be the making of a clever fighter.

Ed McDonald, who was to battle with nature's weapons with Tommy Rose on June 22, but did not because Rose failed to be at the trying place in Brooklyn, E. D., at the time named, writes as follows:

"NEW YORK, June 24, 1883.

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"SIR—Tom Rose did not show up at the place agreed on for him and me to fight. To-day Mr. John Styles, 30 Bowery, New York, promised a purse of \$100 for Mr. Rose and me to fight for within ten days, and I wish to say that I hope Mr. Rose will be at the appointed place and give me a go, and not show the white feather as he did last night. I am ready to fight him at ten hours' notice, and I dare him to meet me and show the public which is the better man. Mr. Rose's friends were there, the money was there, and I was there, and I can't believe his excuse, and I pronounce him a coward, and he can only prove his willingness to fight me by being on hand next time, or meeting me at John Styles', in the Bowery.

ED McDONALD.

Avoca, Nebraska, was the scene of a lively slugging match on May 3. The principals were Charley Middleton and Frank Nichols. The cause of the pugilism

was an angry discussion over the measurement of some rock in which both were interested. The climax came when Nichols called Middleton a liar. This was at once resented by Middleton striking his adversary. In the melee that followed both men went down, Nichols on top, into the gutter. Nichols then pummeled his man in the face until the latter asked some one to take him off. By this time a crowd began to gather, and it was agreed by the belligerents to retire just outside the city limits, and have it out in true Sullivan style. Before officers had time to reach the scene the men started, followed by a large crowd, who avowedly went to see fair play. A reporter with an eye to business also dropped into the crowd, but by the time he reached the scene of conflict the fray had begun, and both men were down, with Nichols, who is a strapping young fellow of prodigious strength, on top, vigorously pummeled his adversary's face and head. Middleton, who is a slight man compared with his opponent, was begging the bystanders to take Nichols off. But immediately over the fallen man stood young Nichols' father—many alleging that he had a knife in his hand, though this was probably a mistake—waving his fists rantically and vowing dire punishment to the man who dared to interfere. At this juncture officers Yeomans and Sperry arrived, accompanied by P. S. Barnes. While the latter caught and held the old man, the officers pulled young Nichols off, and then proceeded with the three men to the august presence of Justice Carmichael, where each plead guilty to disturbing the peace, and a fine of \$7.50 was imposed on the pugilists.

A glove fight was decided at New Haven, Conn., on June 15, between William Meeler and Charles Gilhooley. Nine hot rounds were fought on the give-and-take style, Meeler proving the most scientific of the two, while Gilhooley showed himself a heavy hitter. In the ninth round Meeler gave Gilhooley a terrific sounder on the proboscis, knocking him unconscious, and he lay in a comatose state for upwards of 20 minutes. The purse and the fight were awarded to Meeler.

Pete McCoy says if he ever runs across Capt. Dalton he will oblige him to back down from his numerous challenges. This is all very well for McCoy to say, but the trouble always has been with Dalton that he never knew when he was whipped. Several times after being knocked out of time the captain has at once challenged his opponent for another tilt. Discretion is not one of Dalton's characteristics.

A novel prize ring encounter came off at Orville, N. Y., on June 18 between Jack Bishop and Hiram Stoddart, of Syracuse. The pugilists fought according to London prize ring rules for \$100. Stoddart wore gloves and allowed Bishop to use the bare knuckles. The battle was a short and desperate one. Only three rounds were fought, when Bishop receiving a terrific blow on the left side of the neck, went down in a heap. It was nearly half an hour before he recovered, and Stoddart was declared the winner of the fight.

The long pending glove fight between Bob Mace and Tony Owen, who some time ago agreed to mill with hard gloves six three-minute rounds, POLICE GAZETTE rules, was decided in a room in Brooklyn, E. D., on June 22. The stakes were small, but the event was interesting. About 100 patrons of the manly art assembled to see the bantams fight. Joe Fowler did the needful for Owen and an unknown handled Mace. Mace stripped in the better condition.

He looked the better trained of the pair, and stood a trifle higher than his antagonist, who was a striking specimen of manhood, and well calculated to last through six stubbornly fought rounds. Mace led off at the face and got we l home, while Owens countered lightly on the ribs. Then they got to close quarters and the fighting was terrific, each blow leaving a large red mark wherever it landed. Mace seemed to have the best of the out-fighting, but the half-armed work was an even thing.

The second round was almost a repetition of the first, but the bruisers were much blown, though there was no lack of force in their blows. When the three minutes were called Mace seemed in trouble, while Owens was as fresh as ever.

In the third round Owens took a decided lead, sending his right on his adversary's body several times without a return, and when the three minutes had expired it looked as though he was a sure winner.

In the fourth round, to the surprise of every one, Mace came up to the mark as fresh as possible, while Owens was somewhat slow in leaving his corner, the numerous facers he had received having dazed him. Seeing this, Mace went at his man right and left, and again took a commanding lead.

The fifth round was somewhat slow, as Mace again seemed weak, and Owens was too much exhausted to make another effort, consequently most of the three minutes was spent in sparring for wind.

In the sixth round Mace tried all he could to rally and knock his opponent out according to agreement, but his strength was spent and the time limit was past, and the affair was decided a draw. The contestants were not satisfied with the result, and will meet again shortly and battle for a large stake.

Harry Morgan, the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at Leadville, Col., sends us the following account of a prize fight that took place between John Gordon and John O'Connor, recently, about a mile from that city. The men met in the ring that had been formed, shook hands and prepared for business.

In the first round some little sparring was done, when O'Connor got in a good right hander on Gordon's nose and sent him to grass in fine style.

Time was called for the second round. O'Connor seemed a little tired, but came to the scratch and was welcomed by a blow from Gordon under the ear, which laid O'Connor out.

O'Connor came up smiling for the third round, and landed a sledge-hammer blow on Gordon's breast, which was returned by the latter with a heavy clip on O'Connor's nose. Both men clinched, but were separated, when O'Connor gave Gordon a blow in the mouth which knocked him off his pins.

Both men came up at the call of time for the fourth round looking tired. Gordon showed signs of considerable punishment. O'Connor got in a blow on Gordon's mouth, which split his lip, and knocked him down.

In the fifth round, Gordon came to time slowly, and fought on the defensive. Both men showed signs of punishment, but Gordon was by far in the worse condition of the two. O'Connor forced the fighting and gave Gordon a terrific right hander on the nose, which laid the latter out.

Time being called for the sixth round Gordon failed to respond, and O'Connor was declared the victor. Gordon was badly punished, and is laid up from the effects of O'Connor's heavy blows. The latter was but slightly hurt, and came out of the fight as fresh as a daisy.

A MERRY MILL.

Two Clever Young Pugilists of these Parts Meet and Have it Out.

The long-looked for fight between Jim Murray, of Providence, R. I., and Robert Turnbull, of Brooklyn, came off for a purse at 3 A. M. on June 23. The fighting ground was the ball room of a sporting hostelry some distance out in the country from Greenpoint. A select crowd of sports attended, and the best of order was maintained.

At 3 A. M. the manager started the crowd by stating that all the money that had been taken in was \$125; that Murray refused to fight unless the purse was \$200, while Turnbull was ready to fight for fun. A long delay ensued, and in the meantime Joe Fowler and George Taylor boxed to keep the crowd awake. They went at each other hammer and tongs for three rounds, and received a hat full of Uncle Sam's specie for their trouble. A collection was then made to swell the purse, and the dollars, quarters and halves swelled the amount to about \$140, all of which was to go to the winner.

Tom McAlpine was umpire for Turnbull and Bob Farrell for Murray.

At 3:12 A. M. the men faced each other. Turnbull sat in the ring for 15 minutes before Murray appeared, and when he arrived it was to be settled what should govern the contest, as both pugilists had agreed to toss whether the London prize ring or the POLICE GAZETTE rules were to be adopted. Turnbull won and selected the latter rules, which prescribe three-minute rounds with one minute rest between.

Turnbull looked very thin and weak. He had evidently been trained down too fine. Murray was rather fleshy but strong, and beaming with confident smiles. Charley Norton, of Newark, N. J., and an unknown of Fulton Market seconded Turnbull, while Frank White, the featherweight champion, and Dan Doherty seconded Murray.

Neither pugilist lost any time in opening the first round. Murray went at Turnbull like a bull at a gate, and landed his left heavily on Turnbull's jaw, which staggered him. Turnbull delivered him a note of hand, for value received, at sight, and the claret tinged Murray's mouth. Again and again Murray dashed in his left with telling effect, and both clinched and hammered away amid shouts of "break," "no wrestling," "foul." Neither pugilist would fight as directed by the rules, and the referee had to jump into the ring and separate them.

In the next rally Murray landed a terrific upper cut on Turnbull's jaw, and followed it up with another blow on the stomach. Turnbull pluckily faced the battery of blows until he received a red hot right hander on the neck under the left ear, and either fell or was knocked down. As Turnbull jumped to his feet Murray again "nailed" him with his left, and both fought to a close. Desperate in-fighting followed, and Murray had the best of the fighting: the betting, which just before the contest was \$100 to \$75 on Murray, was now two to one. Turnbull was evidently weak, his legs trembled and he appeared to have lost his head.

Murray fought like a demon, driving Turnbull before him with terrific blows delivered in quick succession. Twice in succession Murray would have knocked the Brooklyn champion down, but Turnbull clutched the ropes to save himself.

Turnbull, although receiving terrible punishment, would not give in, but fought the best he could. A terrific blow from Murray's left next landed on Turnbull's nose, splitting the good looking pugilist's nasal organ. Both clinched, and Turnbull held on to Murray. The referee again tried to separate them, and it was all he could do. Shouts of foul were raised, and the referee, the pugilists and the crowd were all wrangling. Murray paid no attention to any one, but continued to pound Turnbull until he fell bleeding, helpless and battered in Murray's corner. He again got on his legs, and was fought down, when the timekeeper called time, which he should have done 90 seconds before. One minute's rest was allowed, and the pugilists went to their respective corners. Turnbull's nose was either split or broken, his eyes were blackened and his lips were bruised and protruded. He was beaten, for his eyes had a sleepy expression, and he appeared to be drooping and generally fatigued.

Murray had also received heavy punishment. He had an ugly gash on the lip, and his right cheek and nose showed the effects of Turnbull's heavy blows. Betting was now three to one on Murray, who could not possibly help winning. On time being called for the second round Turnbull was weak on his pins, and he looked tired and jaded. Murray gave him no time for a nap, for he went at him, landed his left on his damaged nose, and then upper-cut him. Turnbull tried to fight, but was not able to; his vitality was exhausted. Murray landed his left on Turnbull's jaw, and following it with a swinging left hander on the neck, knocked him down. Turnbull fell, battered out of all semblance of humanity, and lay like a log in the ring. He could not get up to continue the struggle, and Murray was declared the winner. Murray was quickly lifted on the shoulders of his seconds, and borne in triumph from the ring. Turnbull was beaten in 4 minutes and 20 seconds, and presented a sorry appearance. Considerable money was lost and won, as several hundreds were wagered on the result. Jimmy Murray hails from Providence, R. I. He stands 5 feet 6½ inches, weighs 140 pounds. It was his third battle in the prize ring, and was a hurricane affair all through.

COLLISION AT THE GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING PARK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The 5-year old race at the Gentlemen's Driving Park, Morrisania, on June 22, was made sensational by the collision of two of the trotters. Bronze had won the first heat, but that had settled her, and she was distanced in the second by Jay-Eye-See. In the third heat when Jay-Eye-See had a good lead on the straight side going to the quarter pole, Phil Thompson, who was a little way ahead of Lucy Germent, stumbled, according to Murphy's statement, though it is generally believed that he choked and then naturally stumbled and fell. Murphy, feeling that his horse was going, called to Green, who was driving Lucy Germent, to look out. The latter, being so close, had no chance to get to one side, and when Phil Thompson fell Lucy Germent went right over the sulky. Murphy and Phil Thompson. Green was thrown out of his sulky and pitched upon his left side. Murphy was first up and caught hold of Lucy, at the same time telling Green to stop Phil Thompson, who had scrambled to his feet. Green said his arm was broken and he could do nothing, so Murphy, leaving

Lucy in Green's charge, ran after and captured his own horse. Green's arm was subsequently examined by two doctors, who stated that it was much injured and possibly some small bone might be fractured. Johnny Murphy immediately after got into the sulky to drive Mojoea in his last heat. Both horses escaped without injury. Owing to the accident Jay-Eye-See won the race by distancing his competitors.

A SPARRING PREACHER.

He Boxes One of the Brethren and Wins a Wrestling Match.

A correspondent at No. vich, Conn., sends the following under date June 23. The book and stationery store of Noyes & Davis on Main street is a depot for all kinds of athletic goods, including boxing gloves, dumbbells, balls, bats, &c. It is also a meeting place for clergymen on Monday morning to talk over the current news and exchange ideas. Among the patrons of the store is the Rev. Andrew J. Sullivan, the young, eloquent and wide-awake pastor of the Greenville Congregational church. Mr. Sullivan enjoys driving a good horse or chaffing the boys almost as much as he does preaching. He prides himself, though a small man, on his well trained muscles. A day or two ago he dropped into Noyes & Davis' store, and Mr. Davis, who is about the same age, height and build as the pastor, began to ridicule the pastor's pretensions as an athlete.

"I dare you to put on the gloves," continued the merchant.

"All right, it is agreed," replied the clergyman promptly.

The leather bags were put on and the two men squared off at each other between the counters. The Rev. Mr. Blackford, of the Universalist church, acted as referee. After a few passes, in which not much damage was done, both men being totally ignorant of the art of boxing, the champions became excited and clinched in an old-fashioned "side hold" wrestle. Both were experts at this exercise and books and slates clattered about the store as first the heels of the minister and then of the merchant described parabolic curves with lightning quickness above the counters. At length the witty clergyman got his man on the run and rushed him around behind the counter and against the safe, where both men went down, the parson on top. As the Rev. Mr. Sullivan, with rosy cheeks, and dust-bespinkled clothes, and panting, sat down astride his fallen foe, triumph in his eye, and a smile on his lips, the patrons of the store applauded vigorously, and the Rev. Mr. Blackford called:

"A fair fall for Mr. Sullivan."

Mr. Davis arose unconquered and defiant but a second round was not tried. He said that in the thickest of Mr. Sullivan's onset his foot slipped and he threw himself. The Rev. Mr. Sullivan smiled incredulously, and the statement was declared by the spectators to be only "a wily subterfuge." Mr. Davis offers to wrestle the clergyman again at any time satisfactory to the latter, "catch-as-catch-can," either for fun or the ice cream for the party. He says that he is confident that he can throw the Rev. Mr. Sullivan. Richard K. Fox has notified the parties of his willingness to put up an elegant POLICE GAZETTE medal representing the clerical championship at catch-as-catch-can, in addition to the private stakes of the ice cream all around, offered by the contestants themselves.

A SCANDAL SMOTHERED.

How a Church Party Got Mired and Helped Each Other Out.

The little town of Racine, Wis., is all torn up by a new and racy scandal. This locality is famed for the crooked scrapes its parsons manage to get in, but the pulpits lights are taking a rest now, and giving the members of their congregations a chance at the sisters. So it happens that the last naughty story is fastened on a deacon of high social standing, named Charles W. Ferris, and a widow of devout church record and equally prominent position in society. This widow, Mrs. Adelle Pettit, is young and beautiful, and has been on visiting terms with Mr. and Mrs. Ferris ever since their advent in Racine, two years ago. The wife and the widow, however, had a set-to on June 15, and set all the gossips talking. The story is that the widow was in the habit of taking trips out of town with Ferris, on the sly. The parties were shrewd enough, however, to silence scandal by pretending that everything was lovely. True, an umbrella had been battered to pieces over the head of one, but all came up smiling and provoked the news gatherers by blandly declaring that they had mutual confidence all around. This proves, we think, that the church people of Racine are no "slouches," in several respects.

SENT SKY HIGH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An enthusiastic young American tried a small experiment at the evening celebration of the Fourth of July at Torrissdale, near Philadelphia. It was a great success in his estimation, but was not so highly appreciated by others. The boy was engaged with some of his companions in setting off fireworks on the lawn, while the older members of the family and their friends enjoyed the spectacle from the veranda. The idea struck the youthful genius that he might improve the appearance of the aerial flight of a rocket by appending something to the stick. He therefore secured his sister's pet terrier and tied it by the tail to one of the largest rockets. When that piece of fireworks went off there was a remarkable spectacle witnessed. The poor terrier, howling, kicking, and scratching, went skyward in a blaze of glory. The construction on the veranda was immense, and the boy notes the event as the greatest effort of his life.

A GLIMPSE AT BRIDAL PLEASURES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. Patrick J. Lynch, a Grand st., Williamsburg butter, cheese and egg merchant, was a widower for three months. A few days ago he married his servant girl, and on the wedding night his fellow tradesmen on the street, with a crowd of men and women, preceded by a brass band, halted in front of the Lynch domicile and serenaded him. When the first notes of the band sounded, Mr. Lynch appeared, *en dishabille*, at the window, and, after bowing to the crowd, dragged his young wife, who was also in the same condition, to the window. The mob wanted a speech, and Mr. Lynch was forced to deliver one. He extolled the good qualities of his wife, and made an excuse for marrying so quickly after the death of the first wife by asking the crowd whether, from what they saw of his new partner, they would not have done the same thing themselves.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

A Glance Over the Diamond Fields of the Continent.

WARD is a hummer. EWING tops the deck at catching. O'NEIL's captivating smile catches all the girls. AS AN outfielder, there is no better than Roseman. WHERE will the end of the season find the Metropolitans? Let the good work go on. The New Yorks have actually won a game.

WHEN Anson takes a drop on the fling racket he will get better work out of the big champions. WELCH has an aggravating way of smiling at a batsman, which invariably breaks the latter all up. THE Cincinnati always win on pay day, so the management has decided to pay them on six days in the week. THE Metropolitans played in brilliant style in St. Louis, and were only beaten through the hardest kind of luck. OLD JOE Start is holding up his end like a drum major, and makes the young bloods look sharp for their laurels. LOSE JOHN RUTLEY is playing a brilliant game in Cincinnati, and is as popular in that city as he was in New York in 1882. IT is a cold day when Jim gets left. The New Yorks and Metropolitans can both leave the city, but there is nothing the matter with the New Yorks.

AFTER twenty-seven consecutive victories, the Indianapolis club brushed up against the Columbus, and got zolled in the dust to the tune of 4 to 4.

HORNUM made a very well one-handed catch June 26, in the Boston-New York game at Boston, which shut the New Yorks out of at least three runs.

MONEY is no object to Barnie, as he offered \$5,000 to the management of the Eclipse club as a bonus to transfer the Eclipse team from Louisville to Baltimore.

NEVER since Harvard College has been represented in the diamond field has their baseball nine met with such a disastrous season as the present one has been.

REID is by no means an improvement on Buckenberger at second base for the Indianapolis club, further than giving the reporters less to do in writing their names.

JIM GLEASON says it is his intention to retire from the baseball arena at the close of the season. Had he used any judgment he would have never entered the arena.

WHY on earth don't the Alaskas throw up their hands. They don't know the first thing about ball playing, and it is only mockery for them to attempt to play the game.

THE "Meta" are building up quite a reputation for themselves in the West as amateur kickers. It must look odd to see a man of Nelson's genial disposition raising his heels.

BARNIE is such a terrible kicker that he is unable to wear suspenders. He can kick over his left shoulder with his right foot without shutting his eyes.—*Louisville Commercial.*

JOHN KELLY, of this city, who is one of the American Association official umpires, is spoken of very highly by the Western papers. "Kelly" is a dandy, and there are no better.

BUCK EWING's brother did not prove the prize that he was thought to be, so he was released by the St. Louis club. The ball tossing of that family it seems is all centered in Buck.

THE management of the Brooklyn club are well up in the art of being courteous to the members of the Press, and it would be well for some of the other managers to follow their example.

JACK SWEENEY is proof even against lightning. Recently during a heavy storm in Camden the grand stand was struck by lightning, and Sweeney was only thrown down by the shock.

SINCE Gross found that it was useless to try to worry Ferguson into giving him his release, he has settled down to business and is playing ball in exquisite style. His throwing to second is uncommonly fine.

THE Buffalo youngsters had a big row the very first day they attempted to play one of their championship games. They wrangled over the number of runs scored, and settled up the fracas by calling the match a draw game.

JACK MANNING was presented with an elegant gold medal by his Boston friends during the third inning of the Philadelphia-Boston game June 19, and Jack Nelson will be presented with a leather medal when the Metropolitans return to this city.

MANAGER CHAPMAN was most tickled to death to see his team get the best of the Gilt-Edged. His fat sides shook so heartily that he came near wrecking the end of the grand stand in which the directors' chairs are placed.—*Cleveland Leader.*

LATHAM, who ought to be old enough by this time to know how to take a joke, doesn't like to be called Jumbo or Juice, or any thing of that sort. He says it reflects upon his dignity. Hereafter we shall call him Birdie.—*Louisville Commercial.*

MANAGER SULLIVAN disclaims having anything to do with the sending of the telegram complaining of the mobbing the St. Louis were alleged to have received in Philadelphia. It was sent without his knowledge, and he censured the sending of it.—*St. Louis Republican.*

THE Boston people have at last come to their senses, and admit that the POLICE GAZETTE knew just a little about baseball when they condemned Decker as an umpire. The Bostonians are now howling piteously because Decker made a few bad decisions against them.

COLEMAN pitched a magnificent game June 26, when the Philadelphia succeeded in shutting out the Providence club to the tune of 4 to 0. Only four scattered hits were made off him, and but six of the Providence men reached first base, and only two of these reached third base.

THE Chicago are losing their grip this season. Goldsmith is getting too fat to pitch, Corcoran can't pitch all the time, and there is general dissension among the players, caused by the heavy fines Anson is constantly imposing upon them. It is a sad break-up of the great champions.

BOOTH and Southern, the Yale team battery of this season, are just now subjects of worship in the East. The Athletic, Baltimore and Philadelphia clubs are all bidding for their services. Some one who can pitch with a Greek curve is what Bob Ferguson wants.—*Commercial Gazette.*

THE Cincinnati are now hard at work increasing the seating capacity at their ball park, and it will be but a short time before the Metropolitan Exhibition company of this city will be just as hard at work diminishing their seating capacity unless one of their "white elephants" has a big change of luck.

OVER eight thousand people were within the enclosure at the last game in Boston between the Boston and Chicago, when the game had to be brought to a close on account of rain. The money taken in at the game was clean profit, as there was no money refunded and the game will have to be played again.

BASEBALL is quite as dangerous a pastime as any other sport. In a recent game at Philadelphia, James Kane collided with another player, and both fell to the ground. In the fall, Kane was struck in the stomach by the knee of the other player, who fell on top of him, and received injuries which resulted in his death.

WHEN the California people learned that Sweeney had signed with the Providence club they were so wild that they expelled him and notified the Eastern clubs to that effect. The scheme would not work, however, as the expulsion did not take place until two days after Sweeney had cut loose and left for the East.

MR. MAGNER, Mr. John Magner, Mr. John T. Magner, umpired the game yesterday with unusual satisfaction, and the crowd smiled kindly upon his earnest efforts to square himself with the Louisville public. It will be remembered that when Johnny was here before he failed to make a very pleasant impression.—*Louisville Exchange.*

THE Cleveland papers are quite right when they say: "Chicago and New York are now able to handicap all other cities by paying men salaries of such magnitude as to make it impossible for the smaller quartered competitors to get them." But they must remember that in baseball "money doesn't make the mare go," and their two-cent nines are liable to get away with our big 50-centers.

GETTING high toned. "Give a beggar a free horse and he will ride him to death." Recently, while at Toledo, the manager of the Quincy club was obliged to suspend one of his men for refusing to ride in a horse-car. The eminent gentleman had made a base hit the day previous, and he wanted a carriage. It is a won-

der that he did not ask for a Tally-ho coach and a full band of music. There is no use in being small about it.

THE St. Louis *Republican* speaking of the Metropolitan uniforms, unkindly says: "A few hours' practice in the laundry would not have done them any harm." Little does the St. Louis *Republican* know that the Metropolitans can't afford to have them washed, they were run through the wash tub at the close of the season, and this is only the third month that they have worn them since that time. What in the world do those western people want, do they expect us to wash our uniforms after each game?

OSMUND H. BUTLER, one of the official umpires of the American Association, received a fine offer from the Allegheny club to manage the team for the remainder of the season. He gladly and willingly gave up the position of umpiring to assume his new post. But he simply jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, as handling the Allegheny club is about the most difficult feat that could be undertaken. He will soon find that the abuse which he received from spectators at match game was extremely pleasant in comparison with managing the smoky city team.

"GREAT HEAVENS! Gertrude, how the weather sweats, ejaculated a Market street dude, as he gazed devotedly upon the fair face of his sweetheart in the ladies' stand, yesterday afternoon. "Bet your life," replied Gertrude, with a shy smile and a warm glance in the direction of Jumbo Latham, who was wearing fanning his fevered brow with a brick in the shadow of the grand stand. "Them's my sentiments," added Uncle Jesse Hammond, perspiring, and from end to end of the ball park the sweltering multitude re-echoed Uncle Jesse's amendment.—*Louisville Exchange.*

A SPECIAL despatch from St. Louis to the Philadelphia *Press* says: "The Metropolitans changed their luck to-day by putting away their old blue stockings and white caps, and coming out with a blue head-gear and hosiery of pure white. Before the game Holbert, the Metropolitan captain, said to Nicol, who played with the Chicago club last year: 'Look at our stockings. You wore them last year and got there, didn't you? Well, we are wearing them to-day, and we'll get there.' Holbert's war came true, and the Metropolitans 'got there,' that is, after the best contested game of ball ever witnessed on the home grounds."

CHERRY WOODEN, the president of the St. Louis baseball club is one of the square men in the baseball arena, and he is about the only man controlling a baseball club who properly looks after the interest of the patrons of the games. In case a game is stopped by rain in St. Louis before five innings are played, this whole-souled, honest German, virtually refunds every cent of the money taken in at the gate by issuing checks, which he honors whenever presented at the gate. This is right, just and fair, but how few baseball managers know anything about just or fair treatment to their patrons and how little they care. It is entirely wrong to charge full fare for games only partly played.

THERE are few men who have the pluck to assume heavy responsibility at critical moments. Umpire Magner, however, is one of the very few, and he deserves great credit for his pluck. In order to reach Louisville in time to umpire a Sunday's game, he had to hire a special train, which cost \$125. At the time of chartering the train he had no authority for spending that amount of money, but rather than fail to be on hand to attend to his duty, he freely paid the money out of his own pocket. The Eclipse boys were so much pleased with his pluck in this matter that they arranged a rousing benefit for him. Their opponents on this occasion were the Baltimore. The Louisville people turned out in large numbers and Magner not only got his money back, and a nice little bundle beside.

THE Alleghenys are the most gentlemanly set of baseball players in the country. They never swear, smoke, chew or drink; never keep late hours; are all Sunday school scholars, and are members of a Bible class. They, however, like all other model young gentlemen, have their one weakness. Their ball trait is fighting. They will fight in spite of all the good they have learned. While in Cincinnati one evening, as they were going straight from the ball ground to their hotel, they dropped into a beer saloon at 3 A. M. looking for their Sunday school teacher. They all being strictly temperate men the smell of the beer effected them, which soon led to a fight. Jack Hayes, Creamer and Swartwood represented the Allegheny club, and they did their work most effectually, doing their men up in such fine form that they were unrecognizable. The Cincinnati people were very unkind to say it was brutal in these gentlemen to use their feet in doing up the men instead of their hands, but they were obliged to save their hands for baseball playing, while if they bursted their shoes kicking a man in the face, it would not put them to much inconvenience to buy another pair.

The following effusion appeared in the Philadelphia *Item*: "As soon as a club meets with reverses, the little barking dogs of the baseball scribes rush into print with denunciations of management. In this respect no man has been more unjustly vilified than Mr. Simmons, of the Athletics. There is not a day but that nasty and unmeaning slurs and innuendoes are hurled at him, and in most cases by those who know nothing about what they are saying. We do not wish to appear in the role of an apologist, or as a champion of Mr. Simmons, for we know that he is perfectly capable of taking care of himself. There are some things in his ideas of management in which we do not agree with Mr. Simmons, but it must be said to his credit that everything he does, every move he makes, he studies well and does solely for the good of the club. His policy is a liberal one. He never stops to question the cost of this and that, but goes ahead regardless of expenses. As he once expressed himself to the editor of this department: 'The man who stops to question the cost of a thing that will benefit the club or please the public, is an idiot and will soon find himself left.' Mr. Simmons, again, has his whole heart in the Athletic club, and would rather come out of the season without a cent profit than have his club worsted in the championship race. He is an enthusiast, and not the cold, calculating miser that some of the young men of the press picture him. The injustice of blaming the reverses of the club on Mr. Simmons must be apparent when it is known that so far as the actual management of the team is concerned Mr. Simmons has no more hand in it than those who vilify him. The actual management of the club is in the hands of Mr. Knight, and he has more than once shown that he will not be interfered with. It is time this undeserved abuse is stopped, as it shows those engaged in it ignorant of what they are doing.' Yum, yum, yum! This ought to be worth more than a dollar."

THE Philadelphia *Item* comes out with the following scientific squib: "One of our esteemed contemporaries last week had a long homily in which it attempted to prove that the recent reverses to the Athletic club were the result of overwork in consequence of the mercenary tendencies of the management. The arguments in logic and point of fact are untenable and erroneous. The idea of overworking a ball player except in the case of catchers and pitchers is all bosh. On an average a player is called upon for two hours' work a day, and nearly one-half of this time is spent sitting on a bench, while the other side is in the field. As a rule, ball players are rugged and healthy, and the idea that they can be overworked by playing two hours a day is the veriest nonsense. Again, taking another view of it. What are ball players hired and paid for? The management of a team is strictly a business principle for which money is paid for services rendered. A manager secures a player and virtually says: 'I want you to play ball and will give you \$200 a month for your services.' The player accepts, and from thenceforth is merely an employee, subject to all orders of his employer. To mention certain salaries the player is made to play every day in the week. What of that? Suppose a clerk or a mechanic should go to their employers and say, we are overworked and must have rest. You must shut up your store or stop your building operation for two or three days with no loss of salary to us. What would be thought of such a request? The cases are analogous, and if different in any respect, it is in the fact that the clerk and mechanic are much more overworked than the ball player, and there would be more reason in their request. 'But,' says the baseball critic, 'the Athletic managers have made so much money that they can afford it.' So might the merchant or the master mechanic, but would that be any reason for granting the request? So much for the theoretical view of the case. Now for the practical. Baseball men, those who have been long in the business and speak from experience, say that there is more harm in giving men rest, except in cases of ill health, than there is in keeping them steadily employed. Every one remembers the fate of the old Philadelphia club. They opened the season brilliantly, and for two months defeat was something unknown to them. Then came this old cry of overwork. The managers heeded it and took the team to the seashore for a rest. This proved a fatal movement, for on the return of the team they proved easy victims to the weakest of clubs that had been kept in constant play, and the last half of their season was as disgraceful in point of play as the first half was brilliant. The experience of baseball has been and always will be, that the club that keeps constantly at work is the one that makes the best record." This fellow ought to be greased and let slide on his science.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE LIVE MEN'S JOURNAL.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS. The most daring, dashing, witty, spicy and amusing pictorial paper ever published. Out every Sunday. Price 5 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

D. M., Kansas City.—No. S. W., Boston, Mass.—No. S. W., Herkimer, N. Y.—No. M. H., Bordenstown, N. J.—No. A. G., Johnston, Pa.—Write to Peck & Snyder. H. R., Troy, N. Y.—Ten Broeck is doing stud service. C. A. H., Holland, N. Y.—Only the called ball counts. M. B., Boston.—Will publish your picture in a few weeks. H. L., Norris, Ill.—There is a premium paid on coins of that date. H. B. E., Eureka, Cal.—No; you cannot build on your own pile twice. P. H. S., Cincinnati.—John L. Sullivan stands 5 ft 10½ in in height. J. E. S., New York city.—We never like to interfere with judges. F. S. S., Cairo, Ill.—No. You must make a bet in order to open the pot. Icyella, Brooklyn, E. D.—At D. Keller's, No. 24 John street, New York city. W. G., Allentown.—Ten Broeck's one-mile running time is the best on record. J. J. D., Elizabeth, N. J.—Write to John Woods, No. 238 Bowery, New York city. CONSTANT READER, New York.—It is contrary to law to publish lottery drawings. W. G., Charlotte, N. Y.—Ten Broeck's time for one mile has never been beaten. EUREKA, Rome, Ind.—Tom Sayers was born in England, and was not an Irishman. E. E. M., Excelsior Yacht Club, Rochester, N. Y.—We cannot furnish you with a flag. J. B., Simcoe, Norfolk Co., Ontario.—We could not use sketch. Thanks for your trouble. W. B. H., San Francisco, Cal.—Send your address and we will write you on the subject. W. P., Junction, Minn.—It is a matter of opinion who is considered the best. 2. Fish. PEDESTRIAN, Boston, Mass.—Send for the "American Athlete"; it will give you all the points. D. M., Boston, Mass.—Send for the "Life of Hanlan," price 30 cents, published at this office. D. M., Indianapolis, Ind.—I. Von Arnim defeated Monroe Chief at Chicago, June 17, 1882. 2. No. J. R. K., City.—You are wrong. Sullivan and Hyer fought according to London prize ring rules. CONSTANT READER, Louisville, Ky.—Write to Fitzgerald Dramatic Agency, Bowery, N. Y. city. S. B., South Corinth, Saratoga county, N. Y.—Write to the party yourself; he will inform you. H. M., Leadville, Col.—We don't think the altitude can make any difference in the training of a dog. F. P. H., Ridgway, Pa.—Write to Harry Jennings, Broome street, near Centre market, New York city. BLANCHIE C., Chicago, Ill.—I. Pence was declared March 30, 1866. 2. Sebastopol was taken Sept. 8, 1855. H. C. W., Louisville, Ky.—Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan only fought once in the ring for the championship. W. F. W., Des Moines, Ia.—I. Send us \$2.25 and we will forward you the book. 2. Jack Hanley claims that title. P. F. C., Kalo, Webster Co., Iowa.—Send for the rules of croquette. It would take up too much of our space. W. O. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—Joe Coburn and Paddy Ryan never wrestled at Troy, N. Y., for money, or anywhere else. C. R. C., Boston, Mass.—If you wish your challenge published in the POLICE GAZETTE send on a forfeit to this office. S. B., Baltimore, Md.—The National Jockey Club of Washington, D. C., will commence their fall meeting on Oct. 16. C. B. R., Syonite, Mo.—He cannot take two hops first, but must start with a hop, then take a step, and end with a jump. M. H. B., New Haven, Conn.—The Philadelphia whitewashed the Providence team on June 26 by a score of 4 to 0. H. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—Capt. McGowan trotted 20 miles in harness on a half-mile track at Boston, Oct. 31, 1865, in 58m 25s. M. G., Bridgeport, Conn.—Hicks, the wrestler, did wrestle for the middleweight championship of the Pacific slope several times. M. H., Halifax, N. S.—I. George Leo, the carman, was born in Orange, N. J. 2. He formerly belonged to the Triton Boat Club. W. H. P., Dunlap, Iowa.—John C. Heenan died at Green River Station, Wyoming Territory, and was buried at Albany, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1873. P. L., Campton, White River, Col.—I. We recently published Deaf Burke's history in the POLICE GAZETTE. 2. Muldoon was born in Belfast, N. Y. J. F. M., Tremont, Pa.—If the referee decided Green won, his decision was final, no matter whether he started before the pistol was fired or not. OLD SUBSCRIBER, New York city.—In our opinion, if a man bets that he will throw six, he means six or over; if he throws less than six he loses. J. S., Hooisick Falls, N. Y.—Wallace Ross never held the single scull championship of America. 2. Hanlan has beaten him in two match races. 3. No. J. M. S., Indianapolis, Ind.—Dick Hollywood, the retired champion featherweight pugilist, is now keeping a sporting house at West Brighton, S. I. C. W., Peabody, Mass.—Fitzgerald made his best record when he won the Ennis cup tournament, New York city, Dec. 28 to 31, viz.: 582 miles 55 yards. D. M., Morrisiana, N. Y.—I. The time Rarus made at Cleveland, O., on July 27, 1878, was 2:14½, 2:15 and 2:14. 2. Rarus is now owned by Robert Bonner. G. T. N., Centredal, R. I.—Paddy Ryan did agree to box John L. Sullivan four rounds at Chicago, Ill., and Al Smith is making arrangements for the affair. T. M., Binghamton, N. Y.—Waller Brown, the ex-champion carman, was not born at Portland, Me. He was born at Newburg, N. Y., but lived at Portland. J. W. S., Clinton.—John L. Sullivan stands 5 ft 10½ in in height, chest measurement 43½ in, waist 37 in, thigh 25 in, calf 16½ in. He is 25 years of age. A. E. B., Catasauqua, Pa.—A B and C having each killed five birds, must shoot off for first second and third prizes. D E and F have nothing to do with the prize. J. M. S., Santa Fe, N. M.—I. We forwarded your letter to John L. Sullivan. 2. Thanks for invitation. 3. Sullivan's (the pugilist) address is 4 Lovering place, Boston. ATHLETE, Peoria, Ill.—The best record for walking six days, heel and toe, is 531 miles in 138h 48m 30s, made by G. Littlewood, at Sheffield, England, March 7 to 11, 1882. H. W., Lexington, Ky.—At the time Foxhall, the American horse, won the Grand Prize of Paris; he ran the distance in 3m 17s. 2. Frontin's time this year was 3m 20s. M. H., Boston, Mass.—I. Iroquois won both the Derby and St. Leger. 2. In 1881, when Iroquois won the St. Leger, Lucy Gilters was not second; Geogill was second and Lucy Gilters was third. M. S., Sheephead Bay.—I. Tom Cannon, the famous jockey, was not born in Ireland. 2. He was born at Eton, England, April 23, 1846, and resides at Stockbridge, England. 3. George Fordham is 46 years of age. H. W. L. H.—Pargo.—Prof. Washington Donaldson lost his life on July 15, 1876. He was engaged by P. T. Barnum and made an ascent from the Hippodrome at Chicago at that date, and has never since been heard from. B. S., St. Louis, Ky.—Miss Woodford is owned by the Dwyer

Bros. She was bred at Paris, Ky., on May 9, 1880, and is full sister to Belle of Bunnymede. She is to run at Saratoga, and is entered in the Alabama stakes. M. W., Leadville, Col.—Sir Joseph Hawley's Beadsman won the Derby in England in 1858, running the distance in 2:54. Lord Derby's Foxglove second, and Harrison's Hadji third. 2. Wells was the jockey that rode the winner. A. K., Rapid City, Black Hills, D. T.—The greatest distance travelled by a railroad train in two hours is 118 miles, or at the rate of 59 miles per hour. This includes eight minutes stoppage for water and easing up at crossings. S. B., Erie, Pa.—At the time Miss Agnes Beckwith swam 30 miles on the Thames, England, July 17, 1878, she was in the water 6h and 25m. It was a wonderful feat, and the greatest distance ever accomplished by a lady swimmer. H. S., Rochester, N. Y.—No pugilist can claim the lightweight championship of America, unless he is willing to meet all comers up to 133 lbs. Murray consequently cannot claim the championship at 128 lbs for there is no such title. M. S., Rochester, N. Y.—The Constitution provides that no person except "a natural born citizen" shall be eligible to the Presidency, but one born under the flag of one of the Consulates would be considered a natural born citizen. ARIZONA TOM, Newark, N. J.—Slide was under a contract to Jem Mace, and he would not allow him to fight in less than six months from signing articles. Sullivan wanted to fight in two months, consequently there was no match made. M. H., Louisville, Ky.—Preakness won the Westchester cup at the American Jockey Club races in 1871, and Glencliv was second. 2. Parole did not win the cup in 1878. It was won by Gen. Phillips. Parole was second. In 1881 Parole won the cup. J. R., Decatur, Ill.—John L. Sullivan and John Donaldson fought with hard gloves at Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 23, 1880. Sullivan knocked Donaldson out in eleven rounds, lasting 20 minutes. We don't know what the amount of the purse was. FUSCO BYRON, California.—I. The calf is generally measured when the leg is held out straight off the floor. 2. The arm when held out horizontal with the shoulder. 3. In measuring the chest the tape should be placed immediately below the armpits. SUBSCRIBER, Asbury Park, N. J.—Harry Monroe, the club swinger and athlete, was at Asbury Park for a few days last week. For the past five or six years he has been spending the summer months there. He purposes giving a few exhibitions there this season. J. A. L., Tuscaloosa, Ala.—The Mary Powell has run 76 miles in 3h 39m 30s from New York to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Aug. 6, 1874. At that time she was considered the fastest boat on the Hudson. 2. We do not know whether she can beat the Drew or not, and both run on the Hudson. H. J. J., Spokane Falls, W. T.—Tung Wilson was not matched to fight John L. Sullivan for the championship of America. 2. He was matched to fight James Elliott for \$1,000, \$500 forfeit being posted by Richard K. Fox for Wilson, but he ran away to England and his backer forfeited. S. B., Detroit, Mich.—I. No. 2. George W. Lee sailed from New York for Liverpool, England, on June 5, 1878. 3. He did row in the Henley Royal regatta, and was beaten by J. C. Edwards—Moss being beaten by a quarter of a second, stopping, for the race was finished at what he supposed was the goal. M. S., Latonia Springs, Ky.—I. Barnes, the Dwyer Bros.' crack three-year-old, was bred by Messrs. Bowen at the Runnymede stud, April 6, 1880. 2. He is entered in the Lordfall and Omnibus stakes, to be run at Monmouth Park, and the rich Travers and Kenner stakes, to be run at Saratoga. 3. He is a full brother to Runnymede. 4. No. W. E., Bangor, Me.—I. William Beckwith, the English champion swimmer, did defeat Capt. Matthew Webb in a six-day swimming match in England. 2. At the Westminster aquarium tank (length 66 ft), on June 25, 1881, Beckwith covered 94 miles 32 laps. 3. Wm. Beckwith has the best record for swimming 100 yards. 4. At the Lambeth Baths, London, England, in 2m 24s, Oct. 16, 1882. B. M., Leadville, Col.—Bendigo fought seventeen battles in the prize ring. Among Bendigo's principal battles were those with Ben Caunt, whom he defeated in twenty-two rounds at Appleby House, July 21, 1835 (Caunt hitting him when down); was beaten by Caunt on April 3, 1838, for £200. Seventy-five rounds were fought in 1h and 20m. The battle was fought at Shepworth Common. Bendigo was seconded by Nick Ward. G. W. M., Shenandoah, Iowa.—McCooe and Coburn fought at Cecil county, Maryland, May 6, 1863. Coburn won in 67 rounds, lasting 1h 10m. They were again matched to fight on May 21, 1868, for \$10,000, at Cold Spring Station, Ind. McCooe entered the ring, but Coburn was arrested while going to the battle ground. McCooe was also arrested, and both were imprisoned for 40 days in Lawrenceburg jail. The stakes were drawn. M. J., Jackson, Miss.—James Figg was the first recognized champion pugilist of England. Sutton, the pike maker of Gravesend, fought Figg three times. Twice they fought with alternate advantage; but at the third trial a considerable time elapsed before victory decided for either party; at length the palm of victory was obtained by Figg. In short, neither Ned Sutton, Tom Buck nor Bob Stokes could resist or stand against his skill and valor. M. G., Williamsport, Pa.—I. The English Sportsman champion challenge cup, now held by Hanlan, was not the first and original cup. The first trophy offered by the Sportsman was contested for on March 17 and 18, 1877, on the Tyne, and was won by Robert Watson Boyd. 2. Hanlan never woned for this trophy, which was finally won by J. Higgins, by beating Boyd, Oct. 8, 1877, again Jan. 14, 1878, and June 3, 1878. 3. The Sportsman cup Hanlan won was first put up for competition Sept. 16 and 17, 1878, and W. Elliott won it twice, defeating J. Higgins. Hanlan won it by defeating Wm. Elliott, June 6, 1879; beat Edward A. Trickett, Nov. 15, 1880, and Elias C. Laycock, Feb. 14, 1881. J. S., Port Huron, Mich.—The Taylor Winship crew of England won the first prize, \$1,000, and the championship of the world, at the International regatta, held at Halifax, N. S., Aug. 31, 1871. 2. The crew were James Taylor, Joseph E. Sadler, Robert Bagnall, Thomas Winship, stroke. 3. The distance was six nautical miles (6 9-10), and the winners' time was 44m 28s. 4. The Halifax crew—George Brown, Thomas Hayes, Warren Gray and James McGrath. The Biglen crew of New York—Bernard Biglen, Joseph Kaye, John A. Biglen and Henry Coulter, came in third. The Renforth crew of England—James Percy, John Bright, Henry Kelley, R. Chambers, were fourth. The Tangleur crew of N. S. were fifth; and the Halifax, N. S., crew, stroked by John Young, withdrew. M. H., Baltimore, Md.—I. Tom King was beaten by Jem Mace and defeated Jem Mace. 2. In the first match between Tom King and Mace, which was fought at Godstone, England, Jan. 28, 1862, King's weight was 176 lbs, and Mace weighed 158 lbs. 3. King gained first blood in the first round from Mace's chin, and his superior height and reach caused him to take a decided lead; Mace extricating himself the best way he could when in close quarters. King floored Mace in the 20th round with a smash on the left jaw, and in the 27th followed suit with another right-handed cross counter on the same spot. As the fight progressed, however, Mace's superior generalship told its tale, and he frequently back-heeled and cross-buttocked King. Round 42—Mace was first to call of time, but when King was sent up he rushed at Jem, delivering left and right very wildly, Mace giving him a stinging upper cut; he then clinched and threw King, whose head struck the ground, knocking all the fight out of him. Macdonald applied the usual restoratives, such as running a knife under the finger nails, and leaving the marks of his teeth on King's ear, but the gallant Tom was insensible to all this, and Mace was proclaimed the victor after fighting 68 minutes. J. M. D., Long Point House, N. Y.—Tom Spring never fought Nat Langham, but he fought Jack Langan, the Irish champion. 3. Tom Spring's right name was Winter. He was born Feb. 22, 1795, at Townhope, England. He stood 5 ft 11 in in height and weighed 194 lbs. Spring died Aug. 20, 1851, and was buried Aug. 25, 1851, at Norwood Cemetery, where a large monument is erected over his grave. 4. The following is a complete list of his performances: Beat Henry, 11 rounds, Mordeford, 1814; beat Stringer, 40 guineas, 39m, 29 rounds, Moulsey Hurst, Sept. 9, 1817; beat Ned Painter, 100 guineas, 39m, 31 rounds, Mickham Downs, April 1, 1818; beaten by Painter, 100 guineas, 42 rounds, 1h 4m, near Kingston, Aug. 7, 1818; beat J. Carter, £150, 115m, 11 rounds, Crawley Downs, May 4, 1819; beat Ben Burns, £200, 18m, 11 rounds, Wimbledon, Dec. 21, 1819; beat Bob Burns, £100, 30m, 18 rounds, Epsom, May 16, 1820; beat Josh Hudson, £20, 5 rounds, Moulsey Hurst, June 27, 1820; beat Tom Oliver, 100 guineas, 35m, 23 rounds, Hayes, Middlesex, Feb. 20, 1821; beat Bill Neat, £200, 37m, 8 rounds, near Andover, May 20, 1821; beat Jack Langan, £600, 140m 75 rounds, Worcester, Jan. 7, 1824; beat Langan, 1,000 guineas, 106m, 77 rounds, Birdham Bridge, near Chichester, June 8, 1824. Previous to resigning the championship, he received four cups and a testimonial, including a silver tankard, May 30, 1824.

Receiving Good Impressions.

We beg the young lady's pardon. It was all the fault of our perambulating sign painter. Being an unsophisticated youth, he was not aware that the boulders that crop out from the greensward on the Jersey City Heights are favorite resting places for lovers. He thought they were made especially as monuments on which to record the virtues of the POLICE GAZETTE, and with his paint and brush covered them with good advice to the passer by. She, while blissfully reclining in the arms of her lover, was receiving an impression that may be of lasting benefit to



RUFUS MINOR,

EXPERT SNEAK THIEF ARRESTED BY INSPECTOR BYRNES IN NEW YORK CITY.



ALFRED W. BURNETT,

CHIEF OF THE EUREKA DETECTIVE AGENCY, WHO IS WORKING UP THE ASHLAND MURDER CASE.

her, if she heeds the motto that she carried away from that trysting place. It was her rising so suddenly and turning her back on her approaching friends that gave it away.

Lizzie Harold.

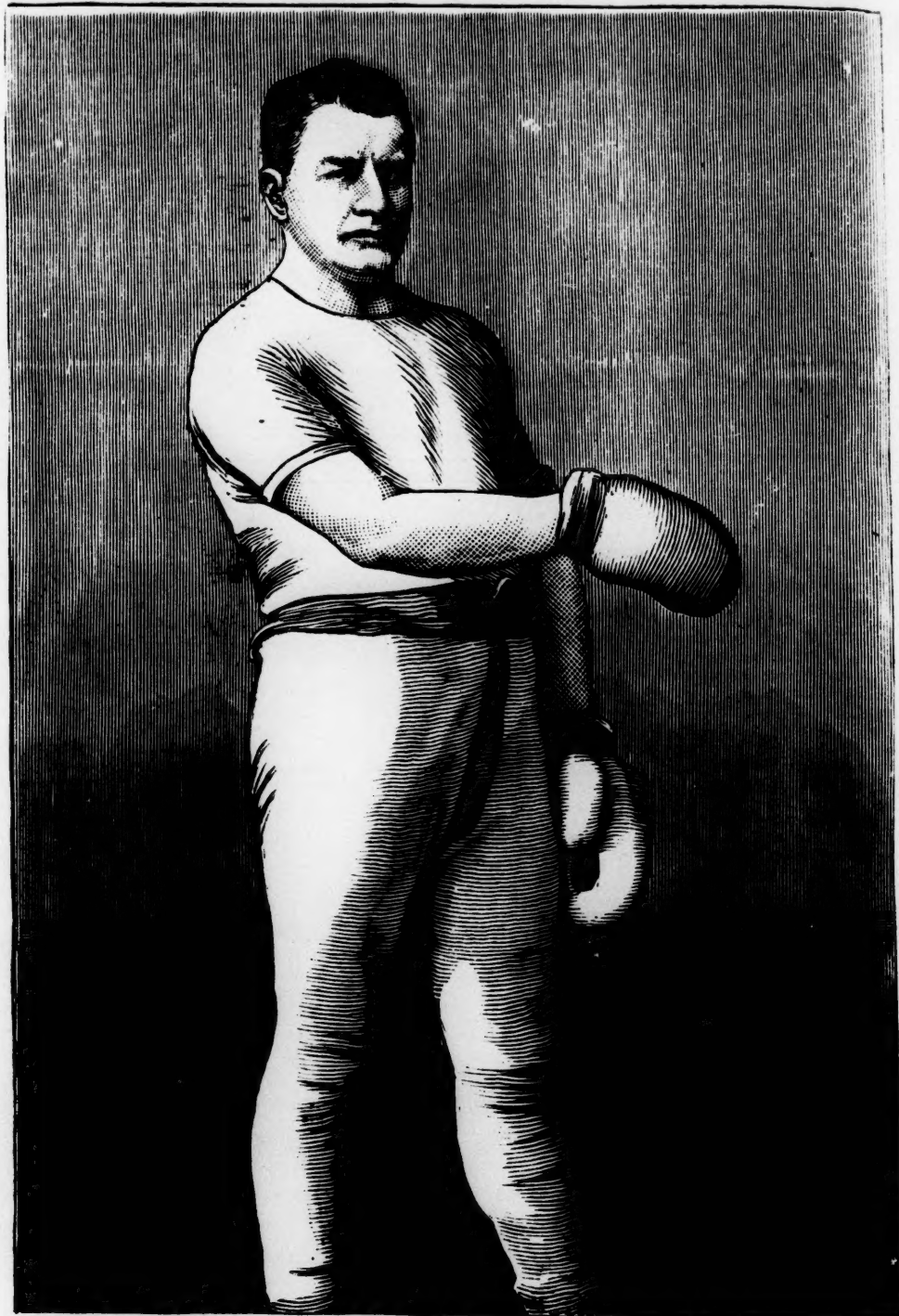
This charming young actress has shape and talent. She is a sister of Maggie Harold, whose success upon the stage led to bringing other members of her family behind the footlights. These ladies belong to an estimable Philadelphia family, and first displayed their talent while scholars at a public school in that city where great attention is paid to music.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

LIZZIE HAROLD.

[Photo. by Mora.]



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

WILLIAM SHERIFF,

ALIAS "PRUSSIAN," THE NOTED ENGLISH PUGILIST.



A DEAD GIVE AWAY.

HOW A YOUNG LADY BECAME A WALKING ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE "POLICE GAZETTE" WHILE SPARRING ON THE JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.



M. MITCHELL,

SHEENY "STREET FAKIR AND BAIL JUMPER";
WANTED BY R. M. PORTER OF NASHVILLE, TENN.

A Running Fire.

The glorious Fourth of July was celebrated this year with the usual boom and bang. John Adams has much to answer for for having made the prophecy that the day would be annually remembered by the bellowing of cannon, the firing of guns and the setting off of fireworks. The small boy never forgets his duty as an American to verify the prediction of the second President. This display of patriotism sometimes leads to disagreeable results. An incident of this kind occurred at the recent anniversary of the day at Milwaukee. A bad boy—probably Peck's—contributed his mite to the celebration by tying a pack of lighted firecrackers to the tail of a dog and letting it loose in a hall where a dance was going on.

Street Fakir and Bail Jumper.

R. M. Porter, the able Nashville detective, is searching for M. Mitchell, "street fakir and bail jumper," who left his bondsman in the lurch at Birmingham, Ala. The fugitive has Hebrew features, black, curly hair, short, black whiskers, and a sallow complexion. He is 40 years old, and stands 5 feet 5 inches high. He speaks "Sheeny" English. His bondsman offers a reward for his arrest. Any one discovering his whereabouts should telegraph to R. M. Porter.

Murdered His Mistress.

We publish portraits this week of William R. McDowell and Maggie O'Brien, principals in a sensational murder at San Bernardino, Cal. The woman had been McDowell's mistress for some months, but finally bestowed her favors on another man whose name is as yet unknown. Hearing of his mistress' infidelity, McDowell armed himself with a revolver and deliberately shot her down in her

own apartments. He was arrested, put on trial, convicted of murder in the first degree, and is now awaiting execution in the jail at San Bernardino. Both he and his victim have borne a bad character.

A Sheeny's Trick.

The results of a holy education when the POLICE GAZETTE is religiously excluded from the list of the text books are likely to be in some instance scandalous and horrifying. Here is one of them: Baltimore, Md., was stirred to the very inner circles of social exclusiveness on June 20 by the reported elopement of a young lady reared in the

Episcopal Church with a young Israelite of Norfolk. The lady is Miss Colista Hopwood, daughter of Mr. John J. Hopwood, of 365 West Lombard street, well known in musical circles, and a member of the choir of the P. E. Church of the Ascension, Lafayette square. She is in her 16th year, and though unusually well developed for her age, was regarded at home as a mere child, being the youngest of Mr. Hopwood's children by a deceased wife. The family are members of St. Mark's P. E. Church, on Lombard street. Last spring, when a confirmation class was being formed by the rector, the Rev. E. L. Kemp, Miss Hopwood was urged by her father to become a candidate, but she replied, as they then

married, but were refused because no one could state under oath that the young lady was of age, as required by Virginia laws. Mrs. Oberndorfer, mother of the young man, took an active interest in her son's marriage, and it was arranged that they should go to North Carolina, where the laws are less stringent, to accomplish it. Accordingly the party drove thirty miles to a village just over the border, where the ceremony was performed by a justice of the peace. Meantime the young lady's family in Baltimore were in a state of painful suspense. They were relieved, however, a few days later by the news of the marriage; but in order that she might be fully satisfied Mrs. Hopwood visited Norfolk and found her

long, girlish, flaxen curls were transformed into a demure-looking Langtry knot, and other devices of the toilet were resorted to so that the youthfulness of the would-be bride might be concealed. All in vain, however; for on applying to have the ceremony performed after these preparations they again met refusal.

It was then growing late, but the marriage was by no means given up. The young couple went to the Norfolk boat, where Mr. Oberndorfer had engaged passage, registering himself and intended wife in their proper names. On arriving at Norfolk they again made persistent efforts to be

charged for not picking stone while sick and entirely unable to work. Isalah Took, farm boss, testifies that terrible cruelties were practiced on aged and sick men, who were forced to pick peas and weed onions in rainy weather by order of General Pitcher, when even the teams were called to the barns. John Cowan, formerly chaplain of the Sixth New York Heavy Artillery, and now pastor of the Baptist church at North Cameron, ten miles from the Soldiers' Home, testifies to hearing Philip Tuttle, who died from exposure, protest against being sent to pick stone, and saw his comrades assisting him back from the field to die. Felix Duffy, now an inmate, corroborates this testimony. Other testimony shows where cripples were

forced to work and were dragged from bed and forced to walk while in a sick and dying condition. And this is an institution run on the most rigid, stiff-necked religious principles.

Our Old Girls.

Jim Silverly had been absent from Austin for several years. He returned not long since, and one of the first men he met was Bill Tinkerson. They had just taken a social drink, when Bill remarked:

"Do you remember Sally Jane Benderly?"
"That great big, gawky, red-headed girl with freckles as big as a dime all over her nose?"

"Yes—that's the gal."
"Of course I remember her. Nobody could ever forget her. It is impossible to duplicate a face like that. She had a mouth like a catfish. What of her?"
"Oh, nothing; except she is my wife."

United at Last.

A pair of disconsolate California sweethearts agreed to commit suicide simultaneously. The girl resolutely drowned herself, but the man lacked pluck. However, he was killed next day in a railroad accident, and the sentimental comment is that his death was deserved.



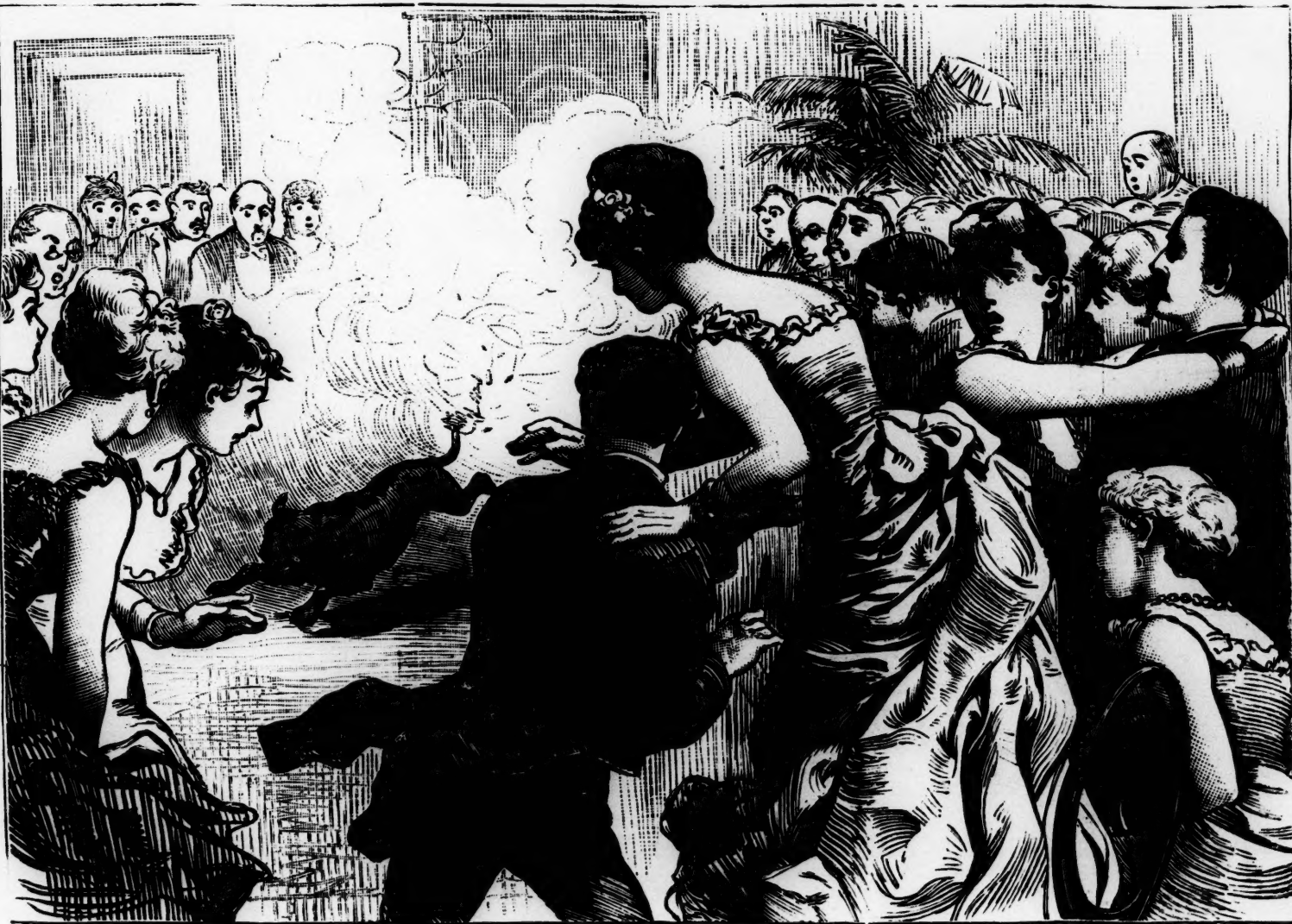
MAGGIE O'BRIEN,

SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD BY WILLIAM R. McDOWELL.



WILLIAM R. McDOWELL,

TO HANG FOR MURDERING HIS MISTRESS AT SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.



A RUNNING FIRE.

HOW A BAD BOY, WITH THE AID OF A DOG AND PACK OF FIRECRACKERS, MADE THINGS LIVELY AT A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

thought jestingly, "No, I'm going to be a Jewess." The young man is Mr. Wm. Oberndorfer, aged 23 years, of Norfolk, Va. He was a frequent visitor at the residence of Mrs. Laner, 334 West Lombard street, opposite the home of Miss Hopwood. It is thought that the two have been acquainted about two years. The present Mrs. Hopwood says Miss Colista was never out later than 7 o'clock of an evening. Since the elopement, however, she has learned that they met afterwards at Mrs. Laner's house.

On Saturday afternoon, June 9, Miss Colista left home, saying that she was going out for a walk and would return in the evening. As she did not return Mr. Hopwood became alarmed, and made inquiries in the neighborhood. He gained no tidings of the missing girl, and the night was passed in great anxiety. On Sunday it was learned that neighbors had seen the young lady and John Oberndorfer enter a carriage. It was also ascertained that they had applied to several clergymen and justices of the peace to be married, but were refused on account of the youthful appearance of the lady, notwithstanding that the young man produced a license. They then visited a well known dry goods store on Baltimore street, where a more womanly outfit of silk was purchased for the young lady. The

daughter apparently happy with her husband in the home of Mrs. Oberndorfer. Mrs. Hopwood intimates that the elopement was planned by older heads than the participants in it. The Oberndorfers are understood to be possessed of considerable wealth. They are of the more liberal school in the Hebrew Church. Pretty darned liberal, we should say, when they go raiding on the Christian parsons' preserves in this sheeny fashion.

Tortures of the Veterans.

There's another morally run and prayerful establishment come to exposure and disgrace. This is the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, at Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y. Frequent religious exercises in the institution did not prevent the canting managers practicing shocking cruelties on their victims, the crippled inmates, until the Home was transformed into a hell. The story of the torturing of the veteran soldiers is told in several affidavits, which have made a great excitement among the people of the county. James Turner testifies that Philip Turner, while unwell, was forced to pick stone, and died the following morning. John Corvan testifies that Phillander McCumber was dishonorably dis-



FATHER FLORENCE MCCARTHY,

THE WILLIAMSBURG PRIEST, ACCUSED OF COMMITTING A RAPE.



KATE NIXON,

WHO CHARGES FATHER MCCARTHY WITH HAVING ROBBERED HER OF HER VIRTUE.

SPORTING NEWS.

THE GREAT SENSATION.

If you would keep pace with the times, and view the world as it is with all the modern improvements, including its newest phases of wickedness, don't fail to buy FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Sunday. Price 5 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

GEORGE HICKS wants to wrestle King, the Staten Island champion.

JACK HANLEY, the Colorado pugilist, is up for a benefit at the Zoo on July 9.

HAWASSER, Pierre Lorillard's crack filly, broke down at Coney Island June 23.

It is said that Hughes has accepted an engagement as chief jockey for Com. Kittson.

ST. PAUL'S School cricket eleven defeated the St. George's Cricket club at Hoboken, N. J., June 23.

JOHN BESSUNGER, the pool and billiard expert, is now doing Syracuse, N. Y., and he is beating all the cracks.

JAMES SHIELDS, of San Francisco, proposes to match an unknown to fight Clow, of Denver, Col., for \$1,000 a side.

The inaugural meeting of the Latonia Jockey club of Kentucky was a grand success, and the association made \$25,000.

SLADE and Mace are expected to arrive here on the 9th of July.

In a glove contest at New Haven, Conn., on June 15, Wm. Meeker "knocked out" Charles Gilhooley in the ninth round.

THE Montreal Lacrosse club won the Lacrosse championship from the Shamrock club, of Montreal, Canada, on June 23.

PRINCETON and Cornell's four-oared crews arrived at Lake George to practice for the Fourth of July regatta on June 23.

THE many admirers of Tom Sweeney, the pugilist, of New Haven, Conn., propose to match him to fight Pete McCoy for \$1,000.

BOGARDUS is out in a challenge to shoot a pigeon match at 100 yards, English rules, against any man in the world for \$5,000 a side.

THE bicycle races to take place at Washington, D. C., between Higham and Prince, are creating considerable interest at the capital.

At the Ascot, England, meeting Fred. Archer rode ten winners. On June 8 he succeeded in landing three of his mounts first past the post.

TOM WALLING, of Leadville, Col., and Jack Hanley, of Kansas City, are matched to fight for \$1,000 in Louisa county, Col., on July 11.

OWNEY MILLS, of Pittsburg, Pa., who was recently defeated by Albert Shoope in a glove contest at the smoky city, is eager to fight Shoope with bare knuckles.

If Jim Murray is anxious to back up his claim to the lightweight championship, his backers should accept Charley Norton's challenge to fight for \$1,000 a side and the title.

CANADA'S representative team of riflemen for Wimbledon left Quebec for Liverpool on the Sardinian from Quebec, Canada, on June 23. Among them are several crack marksmen.

THE regatta of the Senawhaka Yacht club at Glen Cove, L. I., on June 23, ended in no race, because the yachts failed to cover the course through lack of wind in eight hours.

TOM MCALPINE states that Robert Turnbull was not overtrained, and that he weighed 165 lbs. He says Turnbull got a terrific blow in the first round and never recovered throughout the fight.

RICHARD K. FOX has joined the Gentlemen's Driving association, and he will hereafter have his fast trotter, "Police Gazette," record 2:22, speeded on the track.—Daily News, New York, June 24.

AT Kokomo recently, in Tom Laly's sporting saloon, Jack Finley and Dan Kelly fought with soft gloves, Queenberry rules, for \$100. Seven rounds were fought when Kelly was knocked senseless.

THE wrestling match between Pat O'Donnell, the Irish Canadian hero, who wants to fight John L. Sullivan, and H. M. Dufur, the champion wrestler, at Bangor, Me., June 26, was won by Dufur.

NEARLY all the bookmakers are buying race-horses and running them at the big race meetings. The numerous racing associations should bar all their horses, and then there would be less turf frauds.

AFTER Jem Mace returns with Herbert A. Slade, the main topic in prize ring circles will be the prize fight between Charley Mitchell, the champion of England, and Slade, who are to fight near Kansas City.

MADAME TOBIAS has accepted the challenge issued recently by Miss Amy Howard, in which she offered any female pedestrian in the world ten miles start in a six-day-go-as-you-please race for \$2,500 a side.

THE Criterion Stakes, for two-year-old colts, three-quarters of a mile, was run for at Chicago, June 23. General Harding (the favorite) won easily by a length. Buchanan second, a length before Greystone third. Time, 1:18 1/2.

WM. BECKWITH, England's champion swimmer, challenges Capt. Matthew Webb to swim a six-day race for \$500 a side. A contest of this kind would be novel in this country, and quite refreshing to the contestants in the 400 days.

AN important dog fight has been arranged at Pittsburg, Penn., between Richard Kendall's dog Badger and Thomas Brown's dog Jack, of Cincinnati. The fight is to take place this week near the smoky city. The dogs are to fight at 31 lbs for \$1,000.

TOM BROADBENT, Star Hotel, 34 Commerce street, Newark, is prepared to back Walter Hartley, a resident of Newark, to swim any man in the United States or Canada the longest distance under water for \$100 to \$200. Now is the time for the alleged champion divers.

C. A. C. SMITH, the colored pugilist, states that he knew nothing about being advertised to appear at Harry Hill's, and that he never sent a despatch that his wife was sick. He claims that Hugh Riley, of Albany, arranged the exhibition, and that he had no right to do so.

AL. B. SHOOPE, of Trenton, Pa., and Owen Mills, of Pittsburg, fought with soft gloves at Pittsburg, Pa., recently, for \$100. Eleven rounds were

fought, when Shoope knocked Mills out of time. Shoope is 23 years of age, stands 5 feet 8 inches, and weighs 150 pounds.

PAT CONNELLY and Pete Snyder towed a three-mile single scull race for \$250 a side, on the Allegheny river, at Pittsburg, Pa., on June 16. The race was well contested, Snyder leading for more than a mile, but was eventually outrowed, Connelly finishing first, by a length, in 21m 34s, with a bit in hand.

THE popular Steenwerth Brothers, of the Hotel Brighton, 234 Court street, Brooklyn, and managers of the billiard and bowling rooms of Brighton hotel, Coney Island, will give during the season a grand billiard tournament, for which Mr. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, will present a handsome medal.

JOHN DONOVAN, the well known sporting man, has now succeeded Ed McGilchey at the Brower sporting house, 25 West street, Bridgeport, Conn. It has been refitted and it will be the leading sporting house of that place. Information concerning sporting matters can be obtained from the popular proprietor.

At the opening day of the Chicago Jockey club races, June 23, Ladies' Stakes, for two-year old fillies; entrance, \$50; half forfeit, \$500 added; \$100 to second. Three-quarters of a mile. Mona, the favorite, won by three lengths; Viola second, half a length before Nodaway, third. Time, 1:19. Tatoo, Queen T., and Hanap also ran.

THE Kings County Wheelmen held a bicycle tournament at Brooklyn, E. D., on June 23. Ed Pettis won the half mile in 4m 42 1/2s. W. D. Bloodgood won the 100-yard slow race in 4m 6 3/4s. J. M. Austin won the two-mile handicap in 6m 53s, and Edward Pettis won the 25-mile race for the club championship in 1h 46m 4 1/2s. H. J. Hall, Jr., second, and Edward Fisk, third.

HIRAM STODDART, of Syracuse, recently fought Jack Bishop for a purse at Orville, N. Y. Stoddart wore hard gloves, and Bishop, who has the reputation of being a hard hitter, was allowed to use his bare knuckles. Only two rounds were fought, when Stoddart knocked Bishop out. Jack Bessunger writes that Bishop went off to sleep and did not awake for over ten minutes.

WM. SNOOK, of the Moseley Harriers, made a grand performance in the open mile-race at Civil Service Sports, held in London, England, on June 2. He started from scratch, and cutting down the field, easily won by five yards in the last time of 4m 20s. Had he not kept looking around during the final hundred yards, it was thought that he would have beaten the record made by W. G. George in this race last year.

At Chicago, June 23, the race for the Board of Trade Handicap Sweepstakes, for all ages, with penalties for winners. One and one-half miles. Harry Gilmore, who sold for \$38 in a pool of \$70, won, after a magnificent contest, by two open lengths. Gleaner was second, three lengths before Wallense, third. Time, 2:45. Mutual pools paid \$46. Boatman (the favorite), Stanton, Stekles, Bassett and Mistral also ran.

THE report published recently that W. G. George had severed his connection with the Moseley Harriers because of their refusal to again send him to America to compete against L. E. Myers, seems to be without foundation, as he was to have represented the Moseleys in the match games between that club and the Blackheath Harriers at Aston Lower Ground, Birmingham, on June 9, in the half-mile, one-mile and four-mile flat races, and the mile and a half steeplechase.

THE following sporting men called on Richard K. Fox, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, during the week: Gus Hill, James Pilkington, Ed. F. Mallahan, Tom McAlpine, George D. Noremac, John Hughes, Jim Patterson, Frank Stevenson, John Hackett, Frank Lavarie, Capt. James C. Daly, Joe Ryan, Joe Fowler, Hugh Burns (English pugilist), John Leary, George Fullames, Edward Tohey, Harry Martin, Charley Norton, Phil Thomas, Mike Donovan, Bob Smith.

JAMES PILKINGTON, the noted boniface and oarsman, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on June 23 and left the following, which will be interesting to the police athletes of the Hub:

NEW YORK, June 26, 1883.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
I am prepared to match six (6) members of the police force of New York city to row six (6) members of the Boston police force a six-oared gig race for some suitable prize, the race to be one, two or three miles, and to take place on the Harlem river.

JAS. PILKINGTON.
JIM PATTERSON, the popular sporting man of Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue, New York city (Michael Donohue's backer), and Joe Ryan, the lightweight champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, met at the POLICE GAZETTE office on June 26 to make a match to wrestle, best two in three square back falls, to decide which of the two is the better man. Mr. Patterson insisted on the match being for \$500 a side, but as Ryan could not raise that amount, Mr. Patterson agreed they should wrestle in a first class hall either in New York or Brooklyn on July 9 for a gold medal, which will be presented by Richard K. Fox, the winner to take the medal and the gate money after expenses are paid.

LETTERS are lying in our charge for the following: L. E. Myers, George Fullames, Duncan C. Ross (2), Harry Woodson, Mrs. Jem Mace, Mlle. Von Barmen, Miss Ida Wallace, Barney Aaron, James Keenan, John L. Sullivan, Harry Jennings, Dr. J. C. Beebe, Jem Mace (3), Herbert A. Slade, John Lacey, Clarence Whistler, Charles Collins, Louis R. Miller, Joe Ryan, Geo. W. Moore, Henry Myers, Wm. Twiss, E. T. Johnston, Capt. Matthew Webb, Frank Seton, Root, Donaldson, Dick Garvin, Wm. Muldoon (2), E. M. Hackett, Frank Rose, Henry W. Taylor, E. O. B. H. O. Lewis, Geo. W. Wingate, James Carlin, Frank C. Dobson, Manager of the Senior Baseball Club, of N. Y. city.

JIMMY WEEDEN, the Pittsburg pugilist, who has been on a pleasure trip to England, Ireland, Scotland and France for some time, arrived in New York on June 23, looking in the best of health and spirits. While in Paris he was teaching a class of students the science of boxing, and prior to his departure they presented him with a gold medal bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Jimmy Weeden by his friends while in Paris, 1883." Mr. Weeden says from what he saw on his tour we are far ahead in all sporting matters. He was to have been rendered a grand complimentary benefit in London by the "Young Britons," but two evenings before the exhibition the authorities informed him that they would not allow it to come off.

PROF. JAMES HALEY, of Lowell, Mass., was tendered a grand complimentary benefit at Bellows Falls, recently. Some very clever sparring and wrestling was shown by local talent on the occasion. Financially the entertainment was a complete success. The win-lap was between Prof. Haley and W. L. Crowley, and was pronounced by competent judges

as one of the best exhibitions of scientific sparring ever witnessed in that section. After the second round the professor was presented with a valuable gold headed cane by his pupils in recognition of his valuable services as a teacher of the manly art. He has already organized a school at Brattleboro, Vt., and has received several flattering invitations to visit other places and open classes.

COLUMBIA's defeat by Harvard was a disgraceful one, because if the Cambridge barmen had desired to do so they could have beaten them by more than twelve lengths. It does not do for athletes to neglect to train, no matter whether they are amateurs or professionals, and Columbia's defeat was through nothing else than laziness and neglect of training. After all the boasting of the "great condition" they were in, and how they "would beat all records made at the Thames course at New London," one would think the directors of Columbia College should vote each of the crew a medal for the lamentable failure they made. Sporting men, who laid nearly two to one on their success, are eager to know are the same crew going to practice with Harvard again.

We take the following from a Leadville, Col. exchange: "I see in yesterday's issue of The Chronicle an acceptance by Tom Walling of a challenge, in which he styles himself the champion of Colorado. I would like to know when he ever became the champion. I will fight him, as I have said before, for \$1,000 and give him \$100, or \$2,000 and give him \$200, at any time and place that can be agreed upon. I have been waiting for him to answer my challenge issued in your valuable paper some time ago. Mr. Walling had better put up or shut up. I will deposit \$500 in the hands of the city editor of The Chronicle and let Tom Walling do the same, and then Mr. Graham can send the money on to Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, as Mr. Walling desires. I will then fight him for \$1,000 within 50 miles of Leadville, or \$2,000 in either Kansas or Louisiana, the latter of which Mr. Walling prefers. Yours truly, BRYAN CAMPBELL."

THE following challenge explains itself:

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
"As I am about to start on the road with the Lyons-Mail Combination for 42 weeks, and being very anxious to arrange a match to swing clubs with: some of the would-be champions, I hereby leave a deposit of \$100 with Richard K. Fox, and will be open to swing clubs against the world, with either light or heavy clubs. Prof. Heffer, the bad heavy club swinger, preferred. I will give Heffer \$150 if he defeats me, \$75 if he makes a draw with me, and \$50 if he only makes an attempt to swing against me. There is no one who will back him, so to let the public see the difference of our swinging I have made the above offer to him. Hoping that I will be accommodated by some of the would-be club-swingers, I am yours, etc., Gus Hill, Champion of the World."

THE annual regatta of the Schuylkill Navy was held at Philadelphia on June 23. Following is a summary of the races: Junior Singles—A. J. Cottingham, Vesper B. C., first; Frank Martin, Crescent B. C., second. Time, 10m 18s. Senior Singles—Frank Henderson, Malta B. C., first; L. Taylor, Undine B. C., second. Time, 10m 27 1/2s. Pair-oared shells—West Philadelphia B. C., first; Malta B. C., second. Time, 11m 21 1/2s. Junior four-oared gigs—Pennsylvania B. C., first; Malta B. C., second; College B. C., third. Time, 9m 38s. Senior four-oared shells—College B. C., first; Crescent B. C., second; won by three boat lengths; time, 8m 36s, which is the best ever made over the course. Double sculls—Malta B. C., first; University B. C., second; West Philadelphia B. C., third. Time, 8m 1 1/2s. Six-oared barges—Malta B. C., first; College B. C., second. Time, 9m 42 1/2s. Senior four-oared gigs—Crescent B. C., first; College B. C., second. Time, 9m 11 1/2s.

At the Coney Island Jockey club races on June 23 the principal race was the race for the great 2-year-old poststake, a sweepstakes for 2-year-olds, foals of 1881, of \$500 each, half forfeit, with \$1,000 added; closed Jan. 1, 1883, and to name at the post. "It shall not be necessary for a subscriber to own the horse he names." Three-quarters of a mile. Burton was a heavy favorite, but only gained second place. The following is the summary:
E. V. Snedeker & Co's dr. f. Duchess, by Kingfisher, 1 dam Lady Blessington, 107 lbs.
R. M. McClellan's b. c. Burton, by Billet, dam Distracton, 110 lbs.
Mr. K. Liso's ch. f. Water Lily, by King Alfonso, 107 lbs.
P. Lorillard's ch. c. Reveller, by Pat Malloy, dam Schottische, 110 lbs.
N. W. Kittson's ch. f. Tolu, by Ten Broeck, dam Tealco, 107 lbs.
Time 1:17.

THE annual four-oared shell race between the picked crews of Harvard College, of Cambridge, Mass., and Yale College, of New Haven, Conn., was rowed on the Thames, at New London, Conn., on June 23. Harvard won by 25 lengths or 500 yards. There was evidently some misunderstanding between the official timekeepers, they giving three sets of figures, as follows: Harvard, 20m 48 1/2s; Yale, 20m 59s; Harvard, 21m 48 1/2s; Yale, 20m 58s, and Harvard, 25m 46 1/2s; Yale, 20m 58s. This last was finally announced as the official time. The time given out at the telegraph station at the grand stand was: Harvard, 24m 47s; Yale, 20m 18s. From the press boat the fractional distances given above were taken, and the full time made was 25m 48s for Harvard, and 27m 2s for Yale, which allied sufficiently close with the official announcement to prove that it is correct. Harvard has now won five out of the eight eight-oared races rowed against Yale, being successful in 1877, 1878, 1879, 1882 and 1883, and Yale in 1876, 1880 and 1881.

IN order to promote boxing among the many aspirants for fistie fame in Colorado, Richard K. Fox has forwarded a POLICE GAZETTE medal valued at \$100 to James Kelly, of Denver, Col., who will offer the trophy for competition, and manage the contests for the POLICE GAZETTE. The medal is of beautiful design, and was manufactured expressly for Richard K. Fox by D. M. Keller, of 21 John street. It bears a representation of the coat of arms of Colorado, with two pugilists in the attitude of boxing inside a 24-foot ring. The trophy will represent the lightweight boxing championship of Colorado, and will be open to all comers. Contestants will be required to box for it in each contest until one or the other is beaten according to the revised POLICE GAZETTE rules, which call for three-minute rounds, with one minute rest between each. The trophy will become the property of any pugilist who shall win it three times in succession. The winner of the trophy in the first contest will be required to post \$50 with the final stakeholder to guarantee the safe return of the trophy when it is called for.

A FEW weeks ago the ordinance forbidding sparring matches in New Haven was repealed. On June 22 a performance was given at Peck's opera house, the chief attraction of which was the appearance of John L. Sullivan. He was announced to be

there Saturday night, June 9, and his failure disappointed a large audience. The managers of the show last evening, in order to get a paying audience, secured the presence in the city of the champion at an early hour yesterday, and announcements of the fact were made in the evening papers. Sullivan, after his arrival, spent most of the time in bed at a hotel, and was with difficulty aroused in time for the performance at the opera house, where Steve Taylor stood up for him. It proved a tame affair. In a saloon down stairs, after the show, a more lively affair occurred. The partisans of Sweeney and Donohue met, and lively encounters, without gloves, occurred, which resulted in several knockdowns and four or five arrests. Donohue himself was one of the men taken into custody. He knocked down John Killoy. On the way to the police station Killoy, who was also arrested, escaped from the police officer, but was recaptured. It is the general opinion that the authorities will go back to the old rule, and that sparring matches will hereafter be prohibited in New Haven.

H. M. DUFUR, of Marlboro, Mass., is now the recognized champion wrestler of America, having defeated all comers in the great international wrestling tournament for the POLICE GAZETTE trophy, held at the Casino, Boston, on June 11 and 12, under the auspices of Richard K. Fox. The champion wishes it to be distinctly understood by Clarence Whistler, Edwin Bibby, Andre Christol, Thomas Cannon, Wm. Muldoon, Capt. J. C. Daly, and John McMahon, who did not compete in the tournament, that he is champion, and that he is ready to defend the trophy and the title against all comers. Read the champion's card: "MARLBORO, MASS., July 1, 1883."

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
Please state in your next issue that I am ready to defend the POLICE GAZETTE trophy I won at the international wrestling tournament against all comers, and if Clarence Whistler, of Kansas City; Andre Christol, of St. Louis; Joseph Acton, of Philadelphia; Thomas Cannon, of St. Louis; Bibby, of New York, who did not compete in the tournament, dispute my rights to the championship of mixed wrestling, I will accept any challenge published, providing a deposit of \$100 is posted with Richard K. Fox, or I will wrestle John McMahon collar-and-elbow for any amount from \$500 to \$1,000 a side, according to POLICE GAZETTE rules. Yours truly, H. M. DUFUR."

If any pugilist wants to fight for \$1,000 and the lightweight championship of America, now is his opportunity. On June 25 Charley Norton, of Newark, N. J., who defeated Jim Frawley with gloves at Coney Island last summer for \$1,000, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox and left the following sweeping challenge:

"NEWARK, N. J., June 25, 1883.
"To the Sporting Editor of the Police Gazette:
"Please state in your next issue that I am prepared to fight any pugilist in the world according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for \$1,000 a side and the lightweight championship of America. The challenge is open to all lightweights, and first come will be first served. I have posted \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox to prove I mean business. A reply to this challenge will be immediately attended to and for my backer will meet any one accepting at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange the match. I shall leave the challenge open one month from July 1 and my money with Richard K. Fox to back it, and if no one accepts I shall retire from the ring. Hoping I shall find some pugilist ready to fight, I remain, CHARLEY NORTON, Lightweight Champion of America."

Norton has posted \$100 to back up his sweeping deft, and evidently means business. Ever since he defeated Frawley he has been eager to arrange a match, but all the lightweights fight shy of him, and it is a matter of doubt whether any one will cover the money he has posted and agree to meet him in the orthodox 24-foot ring.

AFTER Harry Lewis, the Welshman, defeated W. J. Miley, on June 7, running 100 yards, Miley offered to run Lewis 75 yards for \$300 a side. John A. Williams, of Hasleton, accepted the challenge, and the pedestrians met at Tanquaqua, Pa., June 14, signed articles to run 75 yards at Lehighton, Pa., on June 28. Richard K. Fox was chosen final stakeholder and referee. A deposit of \$50 a side was sent on to the POLICE GAZETTE office, and it was agreed that the balance should be posted at Lehighton, Pa., on the day of the race. Considerable interest was manifested in the race and a large crowd assembled at Lehighton. The backers of Lewis and Miley posted the final deposit of \$250 a side with the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE at the Exchange hotel. The race was run on the Fair Grounds. Among the sporting men present were Doc Hoyle, of Philadelphia, Jim Smith, the champion trainer, John Sweeney, Paddy Cannon, John Nott, of Philadelphia. Lewis was a heavy favorite at two to one. The pedestrians started by mutual consent after three false starts. Miley gained three feet, and was that distance ahead at 30 yards. Lewis then put on a tremendous burst of speed, caught Miley at 50 yards, went to the front and won by eight feet. John A. Williams, John Jones, Thomas Sweeney and John Brennan were the judges, and the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE referee. Another race followed, between William Wheat, the colored pedestrian, of Pittsburg, and Fred Ernest, of Philadelphia, at 100 yards, for \$500. Wheat won by two feet, in 10:35s. Lewis and Cannon are to run 100 yards at Freeland, Pa., July 26, for \$500 a side, and Richard K. Fox holds the stakes and is referee.

It is now probable that the proposed single scull race between Hamm and Conley, of Halifax, N. S., and Edward Hanlan and George Lee for \$5,000 and the double scull championship of America, will be arranged. The Halifax Rowing association have posted \$500 for Hamm and Conley, and Hanlan and Lee have posted the same amount. The only hitch in the negotiations was as to the course. The Halifax association wanted the race rowed at Halifax, while Hanlan and Lee favored Point of Pines, at Chelsea, Mass. The Halifax association notified Richard K. Fox on June 22 that they would agree to have the race rowed on the Thames, at New London, Conn. As soon as Mr. Fox received this proposition he forwarded the following despatch to Hanlan and Lee:

"POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, June 22, 1883.
"To Edward Hanlan, Champion Oarsman, and George Lee, Pullman, Ill.:

"Halifax Rowing association agree to row you and Lee the double scull race for the championship on the Thames, New London, Conn. Will the course suit you? If not, the Halifax association desire their forfeit money returned.

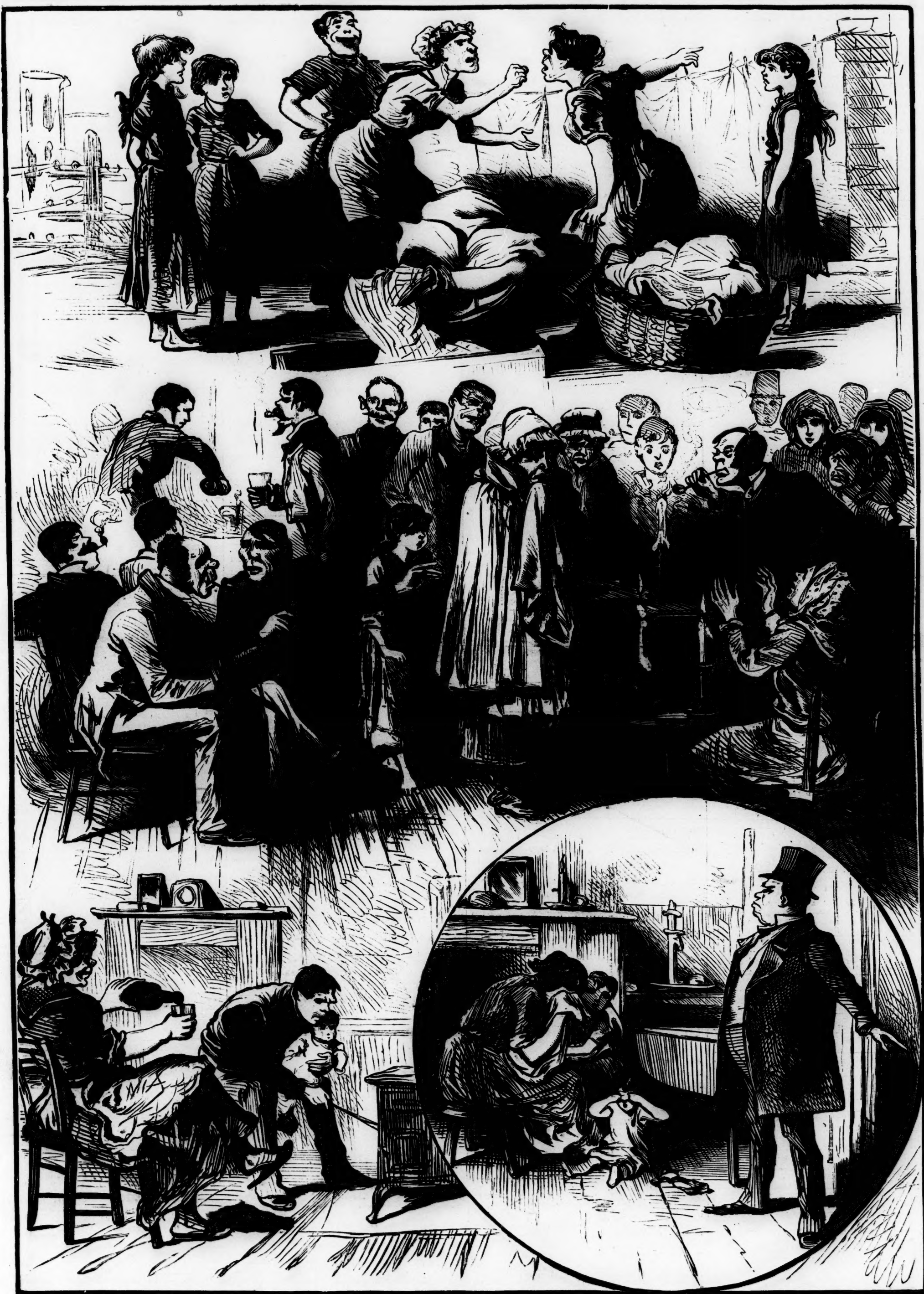
"RICHARD K. FOX,
"Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE."

In reply to the following despatch was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

"PULMAN, ILL., June 23, 1883.
"Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette, New York:

"Will not do anything until I come to New York. That will be after the Ross race. ED. HANLAN."

Mr. Fox then forwarded Hanlan's answer to the Halifax association, and there the matter rests.



IN A TENEMENT HOUSE.

HOW LIFE GOES ON AND DEATH STEPS IN AMONG THE LOWLY-SAD AND MERRY PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF LABORING NEW YORK.